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Bi-Centennial Celebration,

AT

HADLEY, JUNE 8, 1859.

DATE DUE			

CELEBRATION

OF THE

TWO HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

SETTLEMENT OF HADLEY,

MASSACHUSETTS,

AT HADLEY, JUNE 8, 1859;

INCLUDING THE

ADDRESS BY REV. PROF. F. D. HUNTINGTON, D. D.,
OF HARVARD COLLEGE,

POEM BY EDWARD C. PORTER, A. B.,
OF HADLEY,

AND THE OTHER EXERCISES OF THE OCCASION.

NORTHAMPTON:
PUBLISHED BY BRIDGMAN & CHILDS.
1859.

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PRINTED BY TRUMBULL AND GERE.

HADLEY BI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

At a Town Meeting held March 30th, 1857, it was voted, in response to an article in the warrant calling the meeting, having reference to that subject, that a committee be appointed to carry the subject of the tenth article into effect, by employing some one of its emigrant sons to give a public address, and to take and adopt such measures as the case may require for a public celebration.

Voted, That the town choose a committee of thirteen to carry the above vote into effect.

The following persons were chosen to act upon that committee:—

Giles C. Kellogg, Sylvester Smith, Theodore G. Huntington, Eleazer Porter, George Dickinson, Jeriah S. Smith, F. Bonney, Thaddeus Smith, Royal W. Montague, E. H. Bartlett, Levi Adams, Edmund Smith, John A. Morton.

At a town meeting held March 28th, 1859, it was voted that the town appropriate the sum of seven hundred dollars to defray the contingent expenses of the celebration of the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the settlement of the town; and that the money be placed in the hands of the Treasurer of the town's committee of thirteen, to be used by them in furtherance of the objects of said appropriation.

The committee of thirteen, appointed by the town, met June 1st, 1857, and organized by the choice of Giles C. Kellogg as Chairman, and F. Bonney as Secretary.

At a subsequent meeting the following officers and committees were chosen to assist the general committee in carrying out the objects of their appointment:—

President of the Day—Erastus Hopkins, Esq., of Northampton.

Vice Presidents—Rev. Dan Huntington, Giles C. Kellogg, Esq., Dea. Jason Stockbridge, Dea. Sylvester Smith, Rev. John Woodbridge, D. D., Dea. Ashley Williams, Mr. Chester Gaylord, and Mr. Cotton Smith.

Treasurer—Eleazer Porter.

Chief Marshal—Wm. P. Dickinson.

Assistant Marshals—P. S. Williams, Benjamin Adams, Charles H. Smith, Levi Stockbridge, Rodney Smith.

Toast Master—Erastus Hopkins, Esq.

Assistant Toast Masters—Arthur D. Phelps, Oliver E. Bonney.

Committee of Finance—T. G. Huntington, Eleazer Porter, George Dickinson.

Committee on Invitations—C. P. Hitchcock, James B. Porter, L. N. Granger, Rev. R. Ayres, Rev. F. Tuxbury, Rev. W. H. Beaman, Joseph Smith, Parsons West.

Committee on Music—Ezra Thayer, Charles Cook, 2d, Francis Smith, Frederick Bell, Edward Stebbins, A. H. Cook.

Committee on Printing—Wm. S. Shipman, C. E. Lampson, J. E. Porter.

Committee on Receptions—Joseph Smith, Eleazer Porter, J. R. Davenport, S. C. Wilder, T. P. Huntington.

Executive Committee—The Committee of Arrangements.

The Chief Marshal was authorized to appoint two aids.

It was voted that the celebration be held on the eighth of June, and that there shall be an Address, a Poem and a Dinner. Rev. Prof. F. D. Huntington, D. D. was chosen Orator, Mr. Edward C. Porter, A. B., Poet, and Rev. John Woodbridge, D. D., Chaplain.

It was decided to have the exercises as nearly upon the site of the first meeting house, as circumstances would admit.

Advertisements were inserted in various Papers and Circulars sent to as many as could be reached, inviting all persons related to Hadley by descent, marriage or otherwise, to participate with us in the exercises of the occasion.

The day was opened by the discharge of one hundred guns, the roll of the drum, and the ringing of the church bells at dawn. At an early hour a large concourse of people began to gather and continued in unabated numbers, till the exercises of the day were closed. Soon after 10 o'clock in the morning, a procession was formed at the Town Hall, in the following order, and marched to the ground upon which the exercises of the day were to be held:—

AID. CHIEF MARSHAL. AID.

A volunteer corps of Horsemen, 50 in number, Capt. A. H. Cook.

Belchertown Citizen Cavalry, Capt. T. R. Green.

Northampton Infantry, Capt. Wm. R. Marsh.

Colt's Armory Band.

President of the day and His Excellency Gov. Banks.

Lieut. Gov. Trask, Hon. Oliver Warner, Secretary of State, members of the Council, Sergeant-at-Arms and Clerks of the Legislature.

Chaplain.

Orator and Poet.

Invited Guests.*

Vice Presidents.

Marshal.

Committee of Arrangements.

Clergymen.

Representatives of the Press.

Members of the Bar.

Physicians.

Marshal.

Soldiers of 1812 with the National Flag.

Sheriff.

County Officers.

Selectmen and Town Clerks of the five Towns.

Representation of the olden time,

consisting of four gentlemen, and as many ladies on pillions, dressed in antique costume, and others dressed in the same manner, riding in old carriages. Immediately after them came an old-fashioned churn, painted black and mounted on wheels, bearing some resemblance to a cannon, illustrative of a traditionary report of the use of that article by the ladies of the olden time, when the town was attacked by Indians.

Marshal.

Citizens of Hadley.

Representation of the Trades,

consisting of a wagon from North Hadley, drawn by a four ox team, with a banner inscribed :—

> "Then the red man scoured the roofless room,
> Which now we sweep with the Hadley broom."

Within the wagon were old-fashioned spinning wheels, kitchen utensils, farm implements, guns, cow-bells, a large wooden mortar

* It was gratifying to have present among those invited, two of the direct descendants of Rev. John Russell, Mr H. S. Russell of Chester, Ct., and Mr. John B. Russell of Plymouth, Mass.; also Mr. Wm. Chauncey of New York, descendant of Rev. Isaac Chauncey, and numerous other distinguished and honored guests.

and pounder, a warming pan, a cobbler at work, and much else, representing the past, that was novel and attractive. In direct contrast came representations of manufactures of the present day, comprising two large wagons filled with mechanics at work, from Plainville and North Hadley. In the first of these were brooms in the course of manufacture, silver wire for piano strings, a card setting machine, sewing machines, and, not least important, a specimen of soap from the manufactory of W. A. Govern. In the second of these wagons were represented the celebrated wheel manufactures of North Hadley, specimens of hubs, felloes, wheels, &c., with mechanics at work, from the establishment of J. Adams & Sons, W. E. & C. P. Clark, D. S. Cowles, and others; at the head of this team was a banner with this inscription:—

> "He who by the plow would thrive,
> Must either hold the plow or drive."

In the center appeared the word "Plainville," the present name of the district, and at the end, "Patrick Swamp," its former cognomen. In the bottom of one of these wagons was a piece of iron with a label stating that it was a portion of a cannon used against the Indians in an attack made by them in 1676. This part of the procession was the great feature of the occasion.

MARSHAL.
Hatfield Brass Band.
Citizens of Hatfield.
Haydenville Cornet Band.
Citizens of South Hadley.
Citizens of Amherst.
Citizens of Granby.
MARSHAL.
Students of Amherst College.
Teachers and Students of Hopkins Academy.
Scholars of the several School Districts with their Teachers.
Citizens of other towns.

AN ATTACK.

As the procession neared the end of its route, an episode not laid down in the programme, occurred. It was no less than an attack from a party of Indians. A company of fifteen aborigines from "over the river," so well disguised that their most intimate friends

did not recognize them, rushed out from an ambush and attacked the military escort. The troops gave way as if badly frightened, ran a short distance, and there was a sharp fight for a few minutes; the Indians were apparently masters of the field, when the women of ancient days, dismounting from their pillions and the men descending from their carriages, brought up the mounted churn, and, marshalled by an old continental, with white hair and queue, representing Goffe, came to the rescue. The red men were soon dispersed and fled behind the barns and houses. This scene was capitally enacted, the Indians were most completely equipped with bows, arrows, spears and tomahawks, clothed in blankets and skins, and with head dresses of feathers, and ornaments dangling from ears and nose, and faces painted and stained. It afforded much amusement to the spectators, and whenever the Indians appeared during the rest of the day, they were the "observed of all observers."

After reaching the stand, the exercises were as follows:

Singing by the Choir and audience, accompanied by the Band.

AMERICA.

My Country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring, &c.

Invocation by the Chaplain, Rev. Dr. Woodbridge.

HYMN.

BY MISS SUSAN A. WOODBRIDGE

God of the hills that gird us round,
We praise thee in a gladsome lay,
We bid thy glorious name resound
From hill to hill, this festal day.

God of the valley of our birth,
So lovely now in summer's bloom,
With birds, that warble forth their mirth,
With flowers that shed their soft perfume

God of the river at our feet,
  Half-circling like a crescent moon,
God of the sky, so warm and sweet,
  All glowing in the light of June.

We praise thee, nature's King and God,
  For all thy works are greatly good;
But here upon this sacred sod,
  Here where the pious pilgrims stood,

Now, when upon this natal day,
  Our thoughts go back two hundred years,
And we recall the weary way
  Our fathers came, their toils and tears,

Now, when we think upon that Hand,
  Which guarded them 'mid savage foes,
Which fed the weak and trembling band,
  And ransomed them from all their woes,

Now, on this day, this natal day,
  Let us across the ages bend,
With holy pilgrims let us pray,
  Our praises with their praises blend.

We praise thee, God of providence,
  We praise thee, God of truth and grace,
  Our refuge and our sure defence,
    We humbly bow before thy face.

God of all time! we bless thy name,
  And, O! that we may worship thee,
Thou who wast, shalt be, art the same,
  Through ages of eternity.

Prayer.

Anthem by the Choir.

Prof. Huntington then delivered the following Address.

PROF. HUNTINGTON'S ADDRESS.

NOTE.

Although the chief matter of this address is history, the author has not been careful to preserve, in all parts of it, a stately method. Indeed, the task put before him was two fold:—to furnish a discourse not wholly uninstructive nor unworthy of permanent association with the Town and its people; and to secure the continued attention of a vast assembly, including three or four thousand persons of all ages and conditions,—standing and sitting, to a large extent, in the open air,—exposed, as it proved, to copious showers of rain,—and surrounded by many distracting sights and sounds belonging to the lively character of the celebration. It has been thought best to present the address as it was delivered, with some passages which were necessarily omitted.

The sources from which the facts have been collected are so various that special references would only encumber the pages, to little purpose. With some hesitation, they are therefore dropped out, excepting the instances of due acknowledgment contained in the text and a very few in the margin.

F. D. H.

Harvard University, Cambridge, June, 1859.

ADDRESS.

Foremost among the encouraging thoughts that crowd upon us as we take our places on this consecrated spot, is the thought that our Jubilee, so auspiciously begun, has a valid foundation. We stand here on the authentic foothold of realities—realities rooted in the truth of the past—living interests of to-day—permanent possessions for our race. Under us rests the basis of historical fact; around us stand the tokens of a present vitality. Many different elements, all animating and fruitful of congratulation, enter into the high meaning of our assembly. Perhaps it would be justified, if it were only the harmless and lawful recreation of a holiday, a social diversion, or a playful pageant, for a steady and hard-working community. There is a place in God's genial providence for that. But I cannot help holding this great and enthusiastic meeting to be something of loftier significance than an entertainment. It is a reverential celebration of forcible persons, beneficent actions and immortal ideas. It is a visible homage to a race of men and women who were here before us, noble-spirited, brave-hearted, righteous-minded. They were Christian heroes. It is also a cordial and almost spontaneous expression of some of the best sentiments of our common nature:—the confidence of neighbors, the love of kindred, the mutual sympathy of those who sprang from the same place, now turning affectionately back to the native ground. It is a tribute to the soil and institutions of the country,—and so is an offering of patriotism. It honors enterprize, education, industry, self-sacrifice, in the persons of those who planted here in hope, wrought with energy, suffered patiently, builded wisely, died willingly. It gathers up the

traditions and narrations of a territory abounding in early adventure, and hands them over, as an unpretending contribution, to the domain of general knowledge—thus doing for the treasures of National History hereafter what the rivulets that collect the rain drops and original springs of the hill tops around us, do for the broad current that rolls their blended waters to the ocean. It refreshes our feeling and it enriches the future. It wakens gratitude to our fathers, and provides a better heritage of sacred memories and intelligent interpretations for our children. Above all, it is an ascription of religious thanksgiving to Him in whom both the fathers and the children live:—for it commemorates a work born of his own Spirit, and standing in the lineal succession of that illustrious order of events installed on this continent by the believing men who sailed in the Mayflower, and who, in the "compact" written in her cabin, declared that they had undertaken the voyage "for the glory of God and the advancement of the Christian Faith."

On distributing my materials I find they fall naturally into the following divisions: The general constitutional character of a Town in the New England scheme of social and political life; the natural capabilities and scenery of this village; the vital origin and incidents of its early settlements; its physical divisions and developments; the conflicts with the natives and characteristics of Indian warfare; the true romance of the Regicides; the moral quality, local customs, and industrial enterprises of the people; the interests of education; popular superstitions; the Christian power and action of the Hadley church; the character of the ministry; the transition from the Past to the Future.

Of the settlements of our fathers in New England, it is noticeable that they were settlements of towns. In the conception of those clear-headed, forecasting men, who did nothing by accident, but everything for a practical end, the town was not merely an accidental community, located for convenience in a given quarter; it was a distinct, realized idea inseparably associated with their whole system of political economy and an essential element in their composition of a State. On the one side, and that the *inside*, if we may say so, the town was

related to the family; and on the other, or *outside*, to the Commonwealth. That is, the town was made up of households. The family was the simplest form of social life as respects both religion and civil government. It was the germ of the Church and of the State. There were first exercised authority, subordination, sympathy, mutual help, united worship. Hence the family was a sacred institution, and its welfare and purity were defended by strict safeguards. A sufficient number of families, related together by a formal compact, made up a town. On the other hand, a sufficient number of towns, entering into political relations for a common object, occupying a suitable geographical vicinity, instituted a Colony, Commonwealth, or State. A county was only a partial, intermediate form of organization, mostly for the greater facility of the judicial administration. The confederate grouping of States, as every body knows, was a subsequent step, growing out of new necessities.

It is true, in those primitive and simple days, when men were scattered in the wilderness, exiled from old comforts, with their lives in their hands, and even more consciously in the Almighty Hand, the presence of common perils and the consecration of a common faith bound them together, and cast them upon one another's support, independently of all formal constitutions. So we find the settlements of the Connecticut River, which belonged geographically to Massachusetts but were bound by moral ties or by origin and kindred to Connecticut, in the exposures of the Indian wars were constantly receiving aid both from the one and the other. The truth is, they were all alike too powerfully possessed by the vivid and all-controlling realities of their faith in Christ and in another world, to be kept wholly apart by the separation of civil guardianship or distance of place.

And so it comes about that, obedient to that early economy, indebted to that clear thought, we have come together to-day for a town celebration. The large hospitalities of the occasion rightly embrace and welcome all who, by descent or intermarriage, by blood or by residence, from far or near, are related not merely to the geographic but the human Hadley of two hundred years ago.

The proper view taken by a centennial discourse must be retrospective. These several towns, which now occupy with her the territorial limits originally assigned to Hadley alone, namely, Hatfield, South Hadley, Amherst and Granby, had in the first period of our two centuries a common property, a common history. To that period it is most natural and fitting that we should to-day return. We have to do chiefly with those beginnings which are precious to all alike as having an ancestral charm and power. Any attempt to pass out into the several town annals and fortunes would only complicate our survey, to the loss of interest, unity and value of impression. We have to deal here not with what we hold as apart, but with what we hold together; an inestimable, abounding legacy of honorable and thrilling memories: of materials for a whole library of poetry, tragedy, romance, history, and even martyrology; of strong character and bold adventure, of hardy enterprise and terrible suffering, of quaint customs and majestic sacrifices, of love and pity, tenderness and tears; of industry and order, of war and worship. The records of these things are happily not wholly destroyed. Notwithstanding the loss of the church manuscripts by fire, at the parsonage, in 1766, and the inevitable wear and waste of time, enough remains, in the carefully kept proceedings of the town, in the reports of local tradition, and, above all, in the researches of your faithful, untiring and most successful local collector and chronicler, Mr. Judd,—enough to give new impressions, I think, of the grand age of work and faith that went before us. It is one of the comforts and assistances of my part in these exercises to have had the friendly and almost indispensable aid of the learned antiquarian just mentioned. It is a privilege pertaining to you all alike, that if God shall lengthen out his useful life still more, you will have before you the published fruits of his patient and admirable labors, yielding to you and your children, and your children's children, treasures of entertainment and instruction.

One of the interesting departments of inquiry respecting the external history of man on the globe is that where the moral and material parts of his condition have their most obvious

connection : the influence of geography on his movements and character. The moment we go below the superficial notion that mere accident or caprice governs his migrations and directs his settlements, we come upon the fact that these things are largely regulated by those outward causes, such as climate, soil, surface, disposition of water and land, plain and mountain, all of which we frequently name under the general word Nature. The more carefully we examine, the more clearly we shall see that this class of causes has very powerfully affected the great currents of human affairs. Thus the Providence which guided the wanderings and appointed the habitations of the Eastern tribes whose fortunes are written in the Bible, clearly employed the geographical peculiarities of that oriental territory as a means of their pastoral distribution and political structure. Could we look closely enough into the whole matter, we should find that there was a remarkable law of relation between the table lands, the mountains, the rivers, the lakes, the pasture grounds, of the several countries, and the gradual process of colonization, the employments, the hostile or friendly intercourse, the civilizing, the wars, treaties, commerce, and even the religious culture of the people. Who shall measure the formative power of the rocky peaks, the starlighted plains, the deserts—of Lebanon, Gennesaret, Ebal and Gerizim? Take away all the physical elements from the Hebrew history, and how much of our vivid conception of the Israelites, of their discipline and devotion, would be gone ! Or consider the effects wrought by that single sea that spreads its beautifully bounded waters between the three continents, from the earliest day to our own ; and how impossible then to regard the Mediterranean otherwise than as a great geographic civilizer ! Indeed, not only has poetry observed this, telling us how " Mountains interposed make enemies of nations," and " Lands intersected by a narrow frith abhor each other," but the whole subject has been reduced to a branch of science, and one of the best books of our day traces, through ingenious and striking analogies and correspondencies, the deep bond of influence between " the Earth and Man." If we may take a comparison from one of these very objects of natural

scenery, the entire course of human events is a stream or river, whose windings and deviations, slow or swifter current, stillness and dashings, clearness and turbidness, smoothness and foam, deeper and shallower channels, eddies and freshets are largely to be accounted for by the inequality of material substances and surfaces it has encountered on the way.

Now, when we look beyond the great ideas that belong in the domains of thought and of faith, the principal agent that regulated the settlement of this part of New England was the noble River, which flows daily before your eyes, the thing of most life-like character even to the senses, which has fashioned so much of the lovely sculpture of these hills and meadows, whose annual spring-tide flood is the most superb pageant of the region, which irrigates your ground and beautifies your homes, and which has become dear, as almost in a human and spiritual friendship, to so many of our affections. It was this River, with the rich alluvial acres which its industrious action had been depositing, layer by layer, for ages, that made the process of colonizing New England jump at one bound from the Atlantic sea-board to the valley of the Connecticut. It was this that tempted some of the adventurous Hollanders, who were busy raising the Dutch forts and colonies of Manhattan and Albany along the Hudson, to sail, in 1614, under the direction of one Adrian Block, as far up its course as Windsor, calling it by the unmeaning name of Fresh River. It was this that brought William Holmes and his friends by water, around Cape Cod, from Plymouth, in 1633, to plant themselves just below the mouth of Windsor River, on what is still called Plymouth Meadow. It was this that, late in the same year, drew the first white travelers over-land, under the direction of John Oldham, followed, in November, by the company of Samuel Hall.

In the following years the spreading reputation of its fertile bottom lands attracted various bands of settlers from Massachusetts Bay;—from Watertown to Wethersfield, from Cambridge, then Newtown, to Hartford, and from Dorchester to Windsor;—followed in 1636 by William Pynchon and some of his Roxbury neighbors to Springfield. It was the

Falls in it, at the south part of Hadley, which, for nearly twenty years afterwards, prevented the extension of these plantations northward. It was the natural boundary line furnished by it, which afterwards separated Northampton from the Hadley plantation, and not much later cut off from the latter the town of Hatfield. Then, if we could at this day gather up all the refining touches it has given to the mind and heart, the taste and feeling of the successive generations, from infancy to age, as they have watched its play under cloud and sun, its rising and sinking, its ripple and its icy crust, we should probably discover, in its apparently evanescent and shadowy impressions, causes which have exerted a deeper power on the real life of the place than many of the conspicuous incidents of the recorded history.

We are not to forget, however, that forces yet more commanding than any territorial appearance or material economy had to do with the settlement at Hadley. It is the privilege of our traditions, that we share in the dignity of the great Puritan emigration across the ocean, in having a real reason for our location, among the solemn questions of conscience and faith. About two years before this town was planted, a church council, sitting in Boston, composed of delegates from the Massachusetts and Connecticut colonies, had so far innovated upon previous ecclesiastical usage as to declare that the rite of baptism might be administered to the children of non-communicants if themselves baptized and of a decent external life. Among the places where this rule of the half-way covenant introduced a division of sentiment was Hartford. Perhaps there were other occasions of difference. Cotton Mather says that "from the fire of the altar" in Hartford, "there issued thunderings and lightnings and earthquakes through the colony," but that "the true original of the misunderstanding was about as obscure as the rise of the Connecticut river." Rev. Mr. Hooker, who had moved there from the First Church in Cambridge, eminent and judicious, had died ten years before. His colleague and successor, Samuel Stone, leaned to the new way, was possibly a little disposed besides to extend the recognized conditions of church membership, and at the same time

to favor some of the measures of the Presbyterians. A minority of the church opposed these tendencies, to the extent of a controversy, venerating the measures and the memory of Hooker, and standing firm on the Cambridge Platform. That the origin of these difficulties, however, was earlier than the Boston Synod appears from the fact that special local councils had been previously held at Hartford, three years in succession. At last, an apparent agreement, called a "pacification," was reached; but this was soon broken, and as several of the recusant minority, including Gov. Webster, having been threatened with discipline, were on the point of withdrawing, for the purpose of joining the church under Rev. John Russell at Wethersfield, the General Court interfered and peremptorily laid an injunction on both parties, forbidding at once the excommunication and the secession—a characteristic illustration of the existing relations between the civil and ecclesiastical power. Just now the minority sagaciously bethought them of a less offensive expedient for getting rid of the obnoxious connection: that of moving up the river into the Massachusetts Colony. A formal and pious petition to that effect was entered at Boston, by John Cullick and Wm. Goodwin, expressing a hope that "through the grace of Christ," "the conversations" of the petitioners should "be without offence." A grant was secured for lands "East of Northampton," with a condition affixed that a new council should be called for an orderly composing of the Hartford troubles:—a condition that shows how scrupulously the authorities guarded both the purity and the peace of their religious organization. They would not suffer a diplomacy which merely separated the antagonists without healing the discord. The upshot was a censure of both sides, acceptable terms of reconciliation, and a continued fellowship between the Hartford and Hadley churches. There had evidently sprung up a sympathy between these Hartford emigrants and a portion of the church at Wethersfield, including their minister, Mr. Russell, which resu' ed in a transfer of a majority of the latter, with Mr. Russell himself, to Norwottuck, or Hadley. Thus it appears that the Founders of Hadley were strict and determined Congregationalists, as opposed to the Half-way baptismal Cove-

nant, on the one hand, and to Presbyterianizing tendencies on the other.

The meeting at Hartford, at which the engagement to move was drawn up and signed, was held April 18, 1659, at the dwelling house of "Goodman" Ward. Among the names of signers which are still known in the living generation of the present town are Porter, Warner, Marsh, Russell, White, Field, Dickinson, Smith, Hooker, Hitchcock, Montague, Billings, and Hubbard. The name of Partrigg also occurs, being undoubtedly the same from which the considerable district east of the mountain has been called "Patrick's," or Partrigg's "Swamp." The whole number of the withdrawers' names is sixty, more than half of which belonged to Hartford, the rest being divided between Wethersfield and Windsor; but only forty-two men appear to have actually joined the expedition. It was stipulated that house-lots, embracing eight acres each, should be laid out on the east side of "the great river," leaving "a street twenty rods broad betwixt the two westermost rows of house-lots." To this wholesome provision at the outset we owe the ample breadth of this avenue, unsurpassed in New England, which with its two rows of sentinel elms, supplied by the taste of successive generations, has left an image of beauty in the memory of admiring travelers scattered in all lands. On the part of the Northampton settlers it had been voted, in October of the previous year, to "give away Capawonk,"—the Indian name of the lower meadow in Hatfield,—provided the Hartford men should "settle two plantations, one on each side of the river;" provided they should "maintain a sufficient fence against hogs and cattle;" provided they should "pay ten pounds, in wheat and peas," and provided, fourthly, they should "inhabit here by next May." Remember, now, that this was less than thirty years after the Pilgrims dropped anchor in Plymouth Bay, less than half of man's full life-time after the mighty hand of English civilization touched the wilderness. Most of the original planters were born, and had their early training, in the Mother Country.

An order was adopted by the General Court, May 28, 1659, directing five persons,—viz: "Capt. Pinchon, Left. Holyhoke, Deacon Chapin, Wm. Holton and Richard Lyman,"—three being of Springfield and two of Northampton,—to "lay out the bounds of the towne at Norwottocke,"—"not only to carry on a towne but Church-worke also," "that this wilderness may be populated, and the maine ends of our coming into these parts may be promoted." By their report, the limits were defined; being fixed at "the head of the Falls" on the south, near "the hills called Petowamachu," our Holyoke; at the little brook called Nepasoaneag and Mount Kunckquachu, our "Toby," on the north; at a line nine miles from the Great River, Quienecticott, eastward; together with a strip on the west side of the river north of Northampton, two miles wide, extending from a "little riverett" running by Capawonk up to "a great mountain called Wequamps." These two last boundaries are readily recognized now as Mill River in Hatfield, and Sugar Loaf Mountain. In the actual allotment, the town on the east-ward never extended nine miles. Among those who settled on the west side we find the names of Dickinson, Graves, Belding, White, Warner and Billings, with Allis and Meekins, of Braintree in the Massachusetts Colony. The three Sachems of Nolwotogg, or Norwottuck,* of whom Pynchon procured the deed of this territory were Chickwollop, Umpanchella, and Quonquont. The price was about seven hundred feet of wampum and a few trinkets. In money the whole cost of the town territory was one hundred and fifty pounds,—about the present price of four acres of meadow land;—and this was thought to be a higher rate than was paid for any other plantation in New England. It serves to show the rapid increase of value, that only in 1664, seven hundred acres of the "Bradstreet farm" in Hatfield, were bought for two hundred pounds in money,—fifty pounds more than the original price of the whole settlement,—besides a thousand acres in Whately and five hundred elsewhere given in exchange.

* The general Indian name of the region, "Norwottock," or "the City in the midst of the River," is spelt, in different documents, in nineteen different ways.

The name, Hadley,*—adopted for no very apparent reason, probably the early associations of some settlers from the Hadley of Suffolk County, in Old England,—was applied by the General Court in 1661. Commissioners were required to be appointed to sit as Magistrates at the local courts in Northampton and Springfield; and Mr. Wm. Westwood was "authorized to joine persons in marriage."

By the first plan of the village in 1663, it would appear that the general and unusually regular features remain essentially unchanged. Forty-seven house-lots were arranged on the two sides of the single street where we are now assembled. There were three highways leading into the meadows, one at the north end, on ground since abraded by the river, another at the south end as now, and the third the same that still, as it did at first, conducts by the grave yard. There were also, as now, North and South and Middle highways running eastward, toward Pine Woods, or the Pine Plain,—the middle one, since "Academy Lane," and later yet "Russell Street," ending with a gate. Of these house-lots a few seem to be, or to have been during the present generation, held by persons of the same name and blood as their original owners,—as those of Montague, Porter, and White. The spot occupied by the "Russell church," or a little north of it, was reserved as town property, and was next north of the residence of Rev. Mr. Russell. After Mr. Russell, the settler that was found most frequently in public connections was Peter Tilton, a man of great energy and activity, sagacious and trusty; the ancestor of the Eastmans. The original Porter family is represented here to-day, not only by numerous residents and guests, and in the plain prose of these exercises, but in the graceful genius of your Poet.

According to the general principle of the settlements, all settlers were assigned land, though not in the ratio of their previous possessions; and it does not appear that there was any case of serious discontent or breach of harmony, in what, judging by the common characteristics of human nature, and the Yankee human nature in particular, we should pronounce a very delicate and difficult undertaking. It was clearly the ap-

*"Hadleigh," or "Headleye," in the Saxon.

proved policy to make as many citizens as possible proprietors in the soil, thereby laying what has always proved one of the surest foundations not only of local prosperity, but of patriotism and civil stability. Consider the democratic equality. It is proved by the records, that the largest difference of ownership, among the original assignments, was as the difference between one and four: that is, that the largest landholder owned only four times as much as the smallest. What a model of christian economy was this village one hundred and ninety-eight years ago!

The outlying portions of the township were ultimately distributed, in a similar way, to the inhabitants,—"Forty acre Meadow," to the North, between the main village and "School Meadow,"—"Fort Meadow" to the South East,—"Hockanum Meadow," so called from a similar district of land in East Hartford, on the South, and the "Great Meadow" occupying the body of the peninsula; including "Meadow Plain" next the home-lots, "Aquavitæ," or "Aquavitæ Bottle," from some resemblance to such a vessel, southward, "Maple Swamp" adjoining, and a region on the northwestern extremity, named "Forlorn," or otherwise "Honey Pot," either from a deep place in the river, or, as some have supposed, from being the resort of wild bees, or, as is less likely, from the richness of the soil. Besides these, there were four meadows on the west or Hatfield side of the River: viz. the "Great North," the "Little Meadow," the "South Meadow," or Wequettayag, including an Indian "reservation" called "Indian Bottom," or "Indian Hollow," and the "Southwest Meadow," toward Northampton, or "Capawonk," the two latter, separated by Mill River, being sometimes called Great and Little "Pansett."

Enclosures were made chiefly at common expense, by fences, embankments and deep ditches,—traces of the latter still remaining in some parts of the town. The existence of these on high and dry grounds, where now there is plenty of timber, has caused a good deal of speculation. But I have it from one of the oldest and best-informed of the present generation,* that within the memory of his grandfather the growths of large timber

*Major Sylvester Smith.

in this neighborhood were so scanty that the sills of a house in Hockanum were brought from Belchertown.

This destruction of the forest and underbrush was doubtless a periodical business of the savages--a fiery clearing—to facilitate their pursuit of game. What more magnificent or awful scene will the imagination furnish, than would be unrolled before a spectator stationed, at some earlier time of the unbroken forest, on some of these heights, commanding the long vistas of the valley, the slopes and hill sides on either side, with the peaks of distant mountains peering through the openings, or soaring above their lines,—there on a dry October night to witness the whole broad and far-reaching regions swept by swift, fierce floods of flame,—the hot, red powers of devastation darting from ridge to ridge, plunging down into the glens and gorges, running in lurid sport across the plains, leaping into the taller oaks and chestnuts and grappling with their tops as if in conscious fury, the wind swaying the blazing sheets, or whirling aloft and scattering abroad the foliage in showers of living coals thick as hailstones,—the clouds of smoke rolling aloft into the black concave overhead, or drifting in the horizon, —tongues of fire set like torches on every hill-top,—the glowing reflections of the river winding and doubling like a crimson sash loosened from the melting bosom of the meadows,—the roar and crackle and hissing of the heat,—the crashing of the falling trees,—the screams of startled birds, and howls and shrieks of blistered animals,—all creating a grander commingling and variety of the powers and voices of conflagration than any level burning of the prairies, and, leaving out the tragic elements of human agony, on a vaster scale of majesty than Moscow or any of the burning cities of the east.

Mount Holyoke was used as a fence for Hockanum Meadow; with a strip of rails,—less substantial but much more troublesome to keep in repair, westerly toward the river. A capital regulation existed for some time,—that whoever left a gate open or the bars down, should be fined two shillings and sixpence. These rules were made necessary by the importance of keeping the cattle confined to the back fields and woods, away from the crops.

One of the chief signs and instruments of civilization is the Road. Roads were laid out in Hadley while the land was common, the lots upon them being appropriated afterwards. A cart-path was made through "Forty Acres" to Mill Brook, now North Hadley, in 1667. Mending highways was then a somewhat extensive town practice. Communication had to be kept up with Hartford; and in one instance it seems that the teams of Hadley and Northampton were called out to repair the roads in Suffield, Ct. Even so late as the close of that century, the records show that the people had a difficulty in keeping down the bushes in the highways. The Northampton ferry was long at the south end of Hadley Street, and by that the Northampton people went principally to Springfield. Toward Massachusetts Bay the first settlement that offered a lodging,—and that not till 1664,—was at Quaboug, or Brookfield. Beyond there, the Bay Road branched into three routes,—one by Nashua, now Lancaster, another by Worcester, and a third by Grafton. These, however, were little more than savage trails for traveling "Indian file,"—paths for a single horse or man. No wheeled vehicle passed between Hadley and Boston till about the close of that century. The first bridge in that direction, except for foot-passengers, crossed Fort River near the south end of Spruce Hill, was built in 1675, and was succeeded, some thirteen years later, by Lawrence's bridge, near the site of the one now in use. Produce for Boston was carried around by water. It was carted to Willimansett, below the Falls. Skilful boatmen navigated the Enfield rapids. The grist-mill was at Hatfield; and the grist from the East side was carried over by two ferrymen, on certain days of the week, for three pence a bushel, payable, like other toll, in grain. In 1670, however, the East-side farmers set up a mill of their own, on the North Stream, now North-Hadley. In Philip's War this mill was turned into a military garrison, and shortly after was burnt by the Indians; but it was rebuilt and became the nucleus of enterprise in the upper village. Flour was sent down the River. Joseph Smith, the first permanent settler there, was the miller, and brought up his sons to the craft. The bolting was done in

families, with cloth or sieves; Mrs. Richard Montague, of Hadley Village, did it for her neighbors by the barrel. The manifold branches of industrial development were soon in operation. Of course, the soil has determined, from the beginning, that most of the inhabitants should live by husbandry; and they have generally not only lived but, whatever they may individually report, have thriven by it. It may be also said that agriculture as a science has benefitted by the intelligence and industry of the farmers here. In the early period, there was an extensive and common merchandise in tar. Previous to the year 1700, some now obsolete occupations and officers existed: as packers (of meat and fish), fence-viewers, haywards, hog-ringers, cowkeepers, shepherds, and the Lord's Day guards, who took a gun to meeting, and had a particular seat. The second Samuel Porter was the first considerable merchant, was next in importance in the County to Pynchon, and grew rich. Dr. Westcarr traded with the Indians. He seems to have sold them, contrary to law, certain hot liquors, including rum, called in those days "kill-devil," a name so notoriously contradictory to the actual effect of the drink, that one is inclined to attribute its invention to that personage himself, who is apt to be never so much alive as when he is supposed to be dead. The mechanics commonly united their small trades with the general business of farming. Produce was more the currency than money.

It was only eight years after the laying out of the Town that the people of the West-Side, to the number of fourscore and ten, sent to the Colonial Governor and Deputies a petition for a separate organization,—setting forth the distressing and intolerable inconveniences of the ferry, especially as creating a violation of the Lord's Day in the labor and time of crossing, in rough weather causing the women and children to "screech" and be made "unfit for ordinances," bringing the men into the water and through the ice, wetting them to the skin, and obliging them to leave many of their number at home, exposed as "a prey to the heathen." One house was already burnt to the ground while the men were gone to worship. The people

of the East side opposed this dismemberment, conceiving that their neighbors had "no call of God thereto." The matter was debated with spirit by both parties some three years, when in 1670, the incorporation was granted, and the territory set off was called Hatfield, or "Hattfields," after an English town. Rev. Hope Atherton of Dorchester was first minister, with six male church members, and sixty pounds salary, payable in wheat and pork. He was followed by Rev. Nathaniel Chauncey, son of Charles Chauncey, second President of Cambridge College, and later by Rev. William Williams. A free school was early established. By the terms of the separation, a large portion of the meadow land next the river, west of the ferry, was reserved to Hadley. In 1692 Hatfield moved for a transfer of this land to her own domain, which was not obtained till after a series of hard legal contests extending over forty-one years.

Up to 1700 the places included in Hampshire County were Springfield, embracing Longmeadow, Northampton, Hadley, Hatfield, Westfield, Deerfield (or Pocomtuck), Suffield (or Southfield), Enfield, and Brookfield. Settlements were soon made in Sunderland (or Swampfield), and Northfield (or Squakeag).

From time to time, on petition of the inhabitants, the General Court extended the bounds of Hadley towards the east and south. The contents at the largest were eighty square miles. Oliver Partridge of Hatfield, surveyed, in 1739, from a point six miles east of the old meeting-house, five miles north and four miles south, and from each extremity a line straight to the river,—a very regular outline. A difficulty in settling with Sunderland the north line, which had formerly terminated at the mouth of Mohawk brook, led to the grant of an equivalent at "Deerfield Falls," above Sunderland, called Hadley Farm, sold in 1749. Middle Street was called "the hill over the low valley." In 1681 Isaac Warner had a grant of a houselot on the river-bank, extending from the main street up towards "Coleman's brook." This was the "Highbanks," since washed away. The late Dr. Porter knew a well of water on the west bank, which was originally dug and belonged to a house on the East bank.

The vote for a tier of lots on what is now Middle Street was first passed in 1684; but very few lots were taken till the close of that century, on account of danger from savages. Swamp lands east of Forty acres, between Coleman's brook and the Upper Mill, were fenced in 1699, and called "The Skirts of Forty Acres." Traces of the "old ditch" connected with this skirt fence are still visible. All this region above Coleman's brook, including the land which afterwards, as the "Phelps Farm," was enthusiastically described by President Dwight, in his New England Travels, was kept as a common field till after 1750, about which time Capt. Moses Porter built there. Two gates, on the highway, had to be opened and shut by all travelers. Lots were first laid out north of Partrigg's Swamp in 1714.

A point of special interest, connected with our early annals and the incipient fortunes of the settlement, is the character and conduct of the natives of the soil. Most of the recent historical writers push us to the unwelcome opinion that, after all, our high notions about the New England Indians must be a good deal lowered and many of our admirations sacrificed. It is hard for hero worshippers to hear the blows of the iconoclast's hammer upon their idol, and it is hard for everybody to see an ideal vision of honor, courage or genius dispelled. With a pain of this sort we are shown too many reasons to believe that these wild children of the forest, instead of being magnanimous, intrepid, enterprising, intellectual and reverential, were, to a miserable degree, mean, cowardly, cruel, lazy, filthy, and easily sunk in some disgusting forms of sensuality. Their braves very often turn out to have no other courage than a brutal and revengeful ferocity. The men tyrannized over the women, which is always one of the surest signs of a low nature. Their intelligence was little else than a small species of cunning. Their propensities to thieving, treachery and falsehood were a continual disappointment to those who trusted them. Philip himself was wily and cautious rather than heroic, and was not often seen in bold engagements. Instances of cannibalism occurred, at least among the Mohawks, by whom "twenty-seven Frenchmen" appear to have been roasted and devoured. Perhaps the

true estimate of these unfortunate and mysterious tribes will be found somewhere between the old sentimental traditions and these disparagements of a more recent date.*

One of the circumstances on the more attractive side of the aboriginal character is the trace of a certain rhetorical felicity in the invention and application of names, betraying an unquestionable activity and sometimes brilliancy of the power of imagination. Indian words are pictures. No mind, for instance, could apply to a beautiful rural lake such an epithet as "the smile of the Great Spirit," without being familiar not only with what we all understand as poetic conceptions of nature, but also with a loftier range of ideas penetrating the region of art and even of religion. And this is only one of many common examples. Another occurs in the Indian designation of this very domain of our pride and love, Norwottuck,—"the habitation of the River."

We shall not fail of finding some cause of respect and even of fellow-feeling towards these barbarians, in their evident susceptibility to the natural attractions of this valley. For one I shall always deem it mutually to the interest of the spot and its red master, that he lingered about its meadows, wet his canoe in its waters, built his wigwam under its woods, lit his council-fires by its hills, and made his chosen grave in its loveliness. That he did so, we have visible and material proofs enough left, in the relics of his rude skill and taste, in the mouldering bones that have been found bleaching on the surface or decaying in the loam; in the populous grave-yard on the ridge between the two "School-meadows" where a charming vista of landscape so irresistibly suggests the happy hunting ground of the departed, and even furnishes no faint symbol of the "green meadows and still waters" of the Christian immortality,—the "River of the water of life,"—the "living green" of the "sweet fields" of that Beulah where the Shepherd, who is also the Lamb, leads his flock forever, and the mountains that keep watch eternally around the New Jerusalem. Other proofs

*Mr. Palfrey, in the first volume of his "History of Massachusetts," gives emphatic expression to the darker side of the picture.

we have in forts that are still partly discernible, in half-levelled mounds and embankments, as in the spot just mentioned, and near the South Meadows; and others yet in the flinty arrow heads, stone pestles, hatchets, hoes and mortars, which click against your ploughshares, or reward the eager eyes of boyish teamsters, in your homelots.

Among other abating representations of the modern investigators, we find a diminished estimate of the *number* of these New England Indians; so great a reduction of the popular impression, indeed, as to suggest the inference that, except as they made up for their fewness by their fierceness, the vague fears struck by them into the hearts of our ancestors were disproportioned to the danger. There seems no reason to suppose that when the whites arrived there were in all the towns of this valley more than about twelve or fifteen hundred Indians. Of the Nipmucks there were four small tribes,—the Agawams about Springfield, the Woronocks about Westfield, the Pocomtucks at Deerfield, and the Norwottucks or Nonotucks about Mts. Holyoke, Tom and Warner. Eastward, at Brookfield, were the Quabougs, and far westward the Mohawks. The Nipmucks were not distinguished as warriors. When they undertook an expedition against the Mohawks, they came back, it is said, "much ashamed, and retired under shelter of the English." The Connecticut River Sachems were not great men. Under the effects of the white men's liquors, dealt out for skins, baskets, mats and land, their heroism mostly effervesced in drunken brawls. The Indians that affrighted these settlements in 1675 were not only Nipmucks,—who annoyed the whites as much by peaceable vices as by warlike onsets,—but Wampanoags who had been driven over from Rhode Island and Pocasset Swamp.

The Summer of 1675 was a dark time for Hadley and the neighborhood. The terrors of savage slaughter and all its attendant aggravations hung over the people,—a cloud of miserable, dim, uncertain fear,—when they went out to their lots in the morning, leaving helpless families behind, when they lay down at night, when they gathered for worship. Flames of

hostile conflagrations, kindled by a scarcely visible but relentless enemy, lighted up the valley at midnight; and bullets from hidden marksmen went to the hearts of farmers working in their fields. These disasters were supposed by the people to have been foreboded by an omen in the air,—a strange sound, like the "report of a great piece of ordnance, with a shaking of the earth and a considerable echo when there was no ordnance really discharged," which, according to Mather, was heard along the valley, Sept. 10, 1674. Let those who are more confident about the limits of God's action in the Nature that he ordered and governs than any knowledge of mine has made me, call this a superstition, or by some worse or better name. The minds of men have been very subject to it, both long before and ever since Shakespeare made Lenox speak in Macbeth of

> "Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death;
> And prophesying, with accents terrible,
> Of dire combustion, and confused events,
> New-hatched to the woful time. The obscure bird
> Clamored the live-long night. Some say, the earth
> Was feverous and did shake."
> "And even the like precurse of fierce events,
> As harbingers preceding still the fates,
> Have Heaven and earth together demonstrated
> Unto our climatures and countrymen."

The succession of tragic events opened at Mendon, July 14, but more decisively at Brookfield, Aug. 2, with the murderous attack on Capt. Hutchinson's party. Rev. Solomon Stoddard's letter from Northampton to Increase Mather, recounting the suspicious appearances among the natives, and giving awful reasons for disarming even the apparently friendly portion of them, was written in September. Capt. Lothrop and Capt. Beers arrived in Hadley a little after the middle of August. There was a fight near "Sugar Loaf Hill," Aug. 25. The affair in Hadley street, in which the regicide Goffe was implicated, took place Sept. 1, Wednesday. Other attacks, up the River, toward Northfield, were made by the same party Sept. 2d,

4th, and 6th. The fearful havoc by the River Indians at Bloody Brook, with the sudden destruction of the "Flower of Essex," the seventy men, soldiers and teamsters, who were ambushed as they were stopping to gather grapes, while on their return from Deerfield to Hadley with teams of threshed grain, under Capt. Lothrop of Beverly, occurred Sept. 18, creating heavy mourning throughout the colony. Capt. Samuel Appleton of Ipswich was ordered by the Council to take command on the River, Oct. 4, and in the "Memorials" of the Appleton family in Boston, I find letters from him dated at Hadley, where his troops were quartered. Hubbard says his "industry, skill, and courage" saved these towns from being turned to ashes. He was evidently of an energetic spirit and quite an Old Testament cast of mind. He says with a Hebrew emphasis, in a letter of Oct. 12, "By the prayers of God's people, our Israel in his time may prevail over this cursed Amalek; against whom I believe the Lord will have war forever until he have destroyed him."

Individuals continued to be picked off by Indian muskets. Major Pynchon spent much time at Hadley, but was called home at the burning of Springfield, on the night of Oct. 4. An express had ridden up to inform him of the plot, and on October 5 the town was in flames. His letter back to Rev. Mr. Russell, the next day, was worthy of a Puritan believer. It begins: "Rev. Sir,—The Lord will have us lie in the dust before him. It is the Lord, and blessed be his holy name." Those were days of faith. Mr. Russell wrote: "Our town of Hadley is likely to drink next, (if mercy prevent not,) of this bitter cup; we are but fifty families, and now left solitary. We desire to repose our confidence in the Eternal and Living God who is the refuge of His people."

The formidable attack upon Hatfield was on October 19th. Fires were lit in the woods to draw the English into ambuscade. Some scouts were killed; but the enemy were repulsed by Capt. Moseley at the middle of the street, and Capt. Poole and Capt. Appleton at either end,—the latter, says Hubbard, having a "bullet passing through his hair, by that whisper telling him that death was very near." So many settlers deserted,

from fright, that Capt. Appleton was obliged to issue a public order forbidding any to leave the towns without a "permit" from the Commander in Chief. A council of war was formally established. A hundred and forty-five English, including one woman, were killed that memorable year, in the Old County of Hampshire. The Nipmucks sometimes cruelly mutilated their captives: but what shall we say, when we know that even civilization itself was so far barbarized by the exasperations of the times, that our white predecessors had actually caused an Indian squaw to be torn to pieces by dogs?

In the following cold winter,—snow "mid-thigh deep,"—measures were taken for breast-works, and for two lines of wooden palisados, one east and the other west of Hadley street, the stakes eight feet high and fastened together; so that the village was one enclosed pen, with strong gates through which every inhabitant was required to pass in going out to work. The people were divided into four squadrons, under military rules. The Indians wintered near Brattleboro', Brookfield and Albany. The next year, Deacon Goodman was shot at Hockanum, while looking after his fence. A proposition was made to concentrate all the people of the county at Springfield and Hadley for better defense; but the Northampton families thought it would show a "lack of faith in the Lord."

In the disastrous fight at Turner's Falls, May 19, were Hadley Dickinsons; also Rev. Hope Atherton of Hatfield, who was wandering about three days afterwards alone in the woods, and came into Hadley almost starved. He represents the savages as having a reluctance, perhaps religious, to take him as a captive. On the 30th of May an engagement took place in the Hatfield meadows, and among those who fell, says Mather, was "a precious young man whose name was Smith,"—an ancestor of Oliver Smith, famous for his legacy.

The pageant which has moved through these streets this morning carries us back to another and very different procession that enlivened the same scene just one hundred and eighty-three years ago. To day is the anniversary of the arrival of four hundred and fifty men, as relief troops from Connecticut under Major Talcott. It was a spectacle of solemn joy. Those

motly ranks, some in bright British uniforms, some in plainer colonial dress, some of them filled with friendly Pequots and Mohegans in brilliant and fantastic war-blankets, and others with well mounted soldiers, brought a welcome promise to the weary and reduced families, as they marched cheerily up the street with their red silk banner and animating music. We must remember how sorrow had been making its darker entrance, from day to day, and night to night, for many months, as the fearful news came flying in, after each engagement, that one and another home had lost its master or its ornament, the grey head, or the young man in his strength; how mothers and children had mourned; how often the venerable or beautiful body, borne suddenly in before any alarm was given, ended long hardships with the sharper agonies of bereavement; how fear had become the habitual feeling; how the people looked out over their lonely fields as they waked in the night, to see where the fire of their foe was kindled, and then dreamed again of slaughter, captivity and starvation. No wonder there was gladness and gratitude on the eighth of June.

Nor did the succor come too soon. A few mornings after, as the farmers were about going out to hoe their corn in Fort Meadow, some two hundred and fifty Indians came up from the East, burnt a barn, and were proceeding to other pillage, when "a great gun," i. e. a small cannon was fired at them from a house at the north end of the street,—and they fled, routed and pursued by some of Talcott's soldiers. That summer, the people of Hadley voted that, in harvest time, not less than forty men should go at once to work in Hockanum or Fort Meadow; that while these were working none should venture to work in Great Meadow, on penalty of a fine of three shillings; and that the parties of laborers should go out in these two directions on alternate days.

Another great day of rejoicing came at the end of May, two years after. In the preceding October, a disastrous onset of savages upon Hatfield, ended, after murder and burning, in the carrying away, northward, of seventeen captives, mostly wives, mothers, and young children. What a world of torture for strong and loving souls is opened, before a sympathetic ima-

gination, in that single sentence! Nearly all the materials of romance and tragedy that, when touched and marshalled by genius, have thrilled the heart of the world, are gathered into it.

Two brave and patient men, whose wives and children had been snatched from them into the horrors of this exile,—Benjamin Wait and Stephen Jennings,—let their names be memorable in all the sad or happy homes of this valley forever!—after suffering their solitude a month in the vain hope of some effective pursuit or negotiation, arose and went forth together with their grief. Their first point was Albany, where the unfeeling authorities not only discouraged them, but sent them by force to New York, to Gov. Andros. The dear faces were farther off than ever. Every day was a fresh anguish. A month more, and they were back at Albany, with permission to proceed. But new hindrances met them. Winter was setting in. At last they hired a Mohawk to guide them to Lake George, where he left them, with a canoe and a rough sketch of the route. They were the first New Englanders that passed that way to Canada. Over the two lakes, over the hills, and the streams, and through the ice and frost, paddling their canoes, or bearing them on their backs, sleeping between the snow and the stars, with only God's hand to lead them, and the faith in him to uphold them, and the love of the dear ones to urge them on,—they made their difficult way, till, at last, in January, at Sorell, they overtook and greeted the lost. Who of us would not give some tears to see that meeting? The captives were all redeemed, save three that had perished. Protected by a French guard they traveled back to Albany, in May. One day, a messenger appeared at Hatfield, and the news spread from house to house, awakening anxious inquiries, heart-throbs of new fear, and weepings of joy, that the rescued prisoners were safe! Two touching letters were brought, which were sent forward to Boston, were read publicly in the churches of the colony, where thanksgivings were offered up, and with apostolic charity collections were taken for the ransom, for the heroes, and for their families. Benjamin Wait wrote from Albany to his Hatfield neighbors: "Any that have

love to our condition, let it move them to come and help us. We must come very softly, because of our wives and children. I pray you hasten. Stay not for the Sabbath, nor shoeing of horses. Stay not night nor day." The Hatfield people met the party at Kinderhook, and led them in with praises to God who "looseth the prisoners, and bringeth them by a way they have not known."

In February, 1677, men and teams were ordered out to fortify Hadley meeting-house as a place of refuge. The men continued to carry their guns and powder to meeting on the Lord's Day. The officers of the troops were quartered at Rev. Mr. Russell's house, where they appear to have consumed generous quantities of what is not now always found in a parsonage —"divers barrels of beer, and much wine and fruit suitable."

The Second Indian War, beginning in 1688, the year that Gov. Andros made an official visit to Hadley, brought little destruction of life to this immediate vicinity, though it created disturbance and anxiety, and, having emptied Northfield a second time, left Hadley the northernmost town east of the River. A hunting party of Indians shot Richard Church, who was also hunting, one evening, near Mt. Warner, and in the morning his body, pierced with an arrow and bullet, and scalped, was brought in to his widowed mother. The murderers were overtaken at Mt. Toby, tried in Court, and "shot to death."

After this, the visits of natives to this township were only rare and harmless. In the succeeding wars, while other places in New England were exposed to annoyances and cruelties, Hadley was more and more exempt. In the middle of the last century, my great-grandmother, the wife of Capt. Moses Porter, who went north with his company in the French War, and was captured in a morning scout and killed near Lake George, mentioned, in letters written to her husband, that Indians troubled her in her solitude, prowling about the house at night, and sometimes showing their savage features at the windows. They were probably in search of plunder, not blood or scalps But with the captured husband, by Crown Point, the savages were dealing in all the most terrific cruelty of their savage-

ness;—I cannot say brutality, for brute nature shows nothing so horrible. It was soon understood that there was some unmentioned mystery connected with Capt. Porter's fate. Gradually it was whispered by one of his companions that among other tortures not to be described, the Indians actually drove sharpened sticks of pine into his flesh, and then setting these pitchy torches on fire broiled his body to the bones. Thank Heaven, his poor widow never tasted the added bitterness which a knowledge of this would have dashed into her grief: but she was a loving young wife, and it has often been said of her that she carried a mournful face to her old age and her grave.

For the fame of the incident in our early annals which is most widely known, and which has done more than all beside to make Hadley historical, we are indebted, in about equal proportions, to two very different causes,—English politics, and man's universal passion for the marvellous. My recent studies of the sufferings and fidelities of the men and women who conquered this wilderness, conquered its natural obstinacies and reluctances, conquered its forests, its solitude, its poverty, its frosts, its savages, conquered them by patience, by labor, by pain, by faith in Christ, have satisfied me that there were many among them,—their bodies now sleeping in yonder grave-yard, dust with dust,—their spirits risen from the rude dwellings they reared here into the immortal tabernacles not built with hands,—their sacred names found on no other tablet than your town records or perhaps missing even there,—many who deserve as well of our gratitude and admiration as William Goffe and Edward Whalley. Yet these also were patriots and friends of the people whom we love to remember,—fortunate perhaps in this, that the public service which exiled them and made them prisoners hidden from men for a few short years, lifted them up into the sight of after ages, and gave them an imperishable fame before the world.

The restoration of Charles II. drove out of England most of the fifty-nine men who took the responsibility of signing the death warrant of his royal father,—that determined tyrant whom Dr. South in his sermons ever mentions as God's blessed

saint and martyr. Those of us who have—as I have—the blood of regicides in our veins, or who take history from the facts and not from court favorites or tory partisans, of course read Dr. South with some grains of allowance, valuing his scorching invectives against Satan much more than his flowery flatteries of King Charles. Col. Whalley, a near relative of Cromwell himself, a merchant, turned by the stress of the times into a brave Puritan soldier, and Gen. Goffe, also in the Parliamentary army, whose wife was Whalley's daughter, both judges and signers, reached Boston from London in 1660, and took up their residence openly near the college at Cambridge.

Hutchinson, whose political bias did not let him overpraise them, says "they appeared grave, serious and devout, and the rank they had sustained commanded respect." When news arrived that all but seven of the regicides were to be pardoned, and that these two were not included, the solid men of Boston began to be shy of them. Gov. Endicott summoned the Court, who were slow to act, and before the warrant for their arrest was issued they had escaped to New Haven. There, by the help of three faithful friends, they were so effectually hid, sometimes in Rev. Mr. Davenport's house, sometimes in a cave, sometimes in a mill, as to outwit the royal messengers who pursued them, and even to elude the eyes of the neighbors, whom the large rewards offered might have tempted. At last, apprehensive that Mr. Davenport would have to suffer for their concealment, they came out and showed themselves in the street, thus releasing him from responsibility for traitors, and then retired to privacy again. At Milford, growing bolder, they held religious meetings, with a few prudent and godly persons, in their chamber. In 1664, on the arrival of fresh Commissioners at Boston, they betook themselves to their cave at West Rock. Some Indians reporting traces of them there, they fled to Hadley on foot, traveling only by night, and clandestinely pitched what they called their "Ebenezer" in the walls of Rev. Mr. Russell's house, who was privately rewarded by English and American friends for harboring them, and who discharged his trust so kindly and faithfully, that one of them, Goffe, who survived his patient and uncomplaining father-in-

law, continued there some fifteen years in as much comfort as exile and confinement can ever be expected to afford. Mr. Judd supposes that when the Russell house was filled by the colonial officers, the regicides were temporarily removed to the house of Samuel Smith or Peter Tilton, or some other of the few trusty persons in the secret. The general belief was that they had left the country. Once they read English accounts of their execution, sitting comfortably in their chamber. Probably men were never more relieved at hearing of their own death. Their monotonous days were much occupied in writing, their diaries giving full particulars of all affairs in the neighborhood, reported to them in their retirement. Their hope of final deliverance was based on an interpretation of the Apocalyptic prophecies. Goffe carried on an affectionate secret correspondence with his wife in England,—the two sometimes writing respectively under the names of Walter and Frances Goldsmith, and as son and mother.* Hutchinson adds

*I cannot refrain from giving in full the following affecting and remarkable letter to Goffe, from his wife, in 1662, found in an appendix to one of the volumes of Hutchinson :—

"*My Dearest Hart* :—I have been exceedingly refresht with your choyce and precious letter of the 29th May, 1662. Those scriptures you mention, through mercy, with many others, are a great support and comfort to me in this day of my great affliction. Through grace, I doe experience the Lord's presence in supporting and providing for mee and mine, in this evill day. The preservation of yourselfe and my deare father, next to the light of his own countenance, is the choycest mercy that I enjoy. For to hear of your wellfare gives, as it were, a new life to me. Ah! what am I, poor worm, that the great God of heaven and earth should continue such mercys to me and mine, as I at this day enjoy. Many others have lost their deare yonke-fellowes, and out of all hopes to see them in this life; but that is not my condition, as yet, blessed be his holy name, for he hath made mee hope in his word. 10 Zech. 9.—*And I will sow them among the people, and they shall remember me in farre countryes, and they shall live with their children and turne againe.* Persecution begins to be high heere, the bishop's courts are up as high as ever. But wee have the promises of a faithfull God to live upon, and he hath said, *To you it is given not only to believe but to suffer.* He hath alsoe promised to lay noe more upon his poore people than he will give strength to beare. Oh my Hart! I doe, with my whole soule, blesse the Lord for his unspeakable goodness to you and your deare friend, in that he hath been pleased to appeare soe eminently for your preservation. He brings to the grave and raises up againe. Oh that the experience that wee have dayly of his goodness may make us trust him for the future. Wee have seene that word in the 5th of Job in some measure made good to you. Reade the 12th verse; from the 11th to the end of the chapter, there is much comfort to those in our condition; as alsoe in 91 Psal. O my deare, let us henceforth make the Lord our refuge and our trust, and then he shall cover us with his feathers,

significantly: "There is too much religion in their letters for the taste of the present day." We here may thank God there

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and be a sanctuary to thee wheresoever he shall cast thee. I mention these scriptures because I have found comfort in them, and I hoped thou wouldest doe soe too. I shall now give you an account of your family as farre as I dare. Through mercy, I and your little ones are in reasonable health, only Betty and Nan are weakely, and I feare will be lame a little, the others are very lusty. I am yet with my aunt, but how soon she may be forst to give up housekeeping I know not, (for she is warned in to the bishop's court,) and wee shall be disperst; but I hope the Lord will provide for us, as he hath done hitherto.—Oh my deare, lett our trust be in the Lord alone. I do heartily wish myself with thee, but that I feare it may bee a meanes to discover thee, as it was to —— and therefore I shall forbeare attempting such a thing for the present, hopeing that the Lord will, in his owne time, return thee to us againe; for he hath the harts of all in his hands and can change them in a moment. I rejoice to hear that you are so willing to be at the Lord's disposall; indeed, we are not our own, for we are bought with a price, with the precious blood of the Lord Jesus. And, therefore, let us comfort ourselves with this, though we should never meete in this world againe. Yet I hope, through grace, wee shall meete in heaven, and soe ever be with the Lord, and it will not be in the power of men to part us. My dear, I know you are confident of my affection; yet give me leave to tell thee, thou art as deare to me as a husband can be to a wife, and if I knew anything I could doe to make you happy, I should do it, if the Lord would permitt, though to the losse of my life. As for newes I shall forbear writing of any, for I know not much and you may heare it from better hands. My uncle Burket is dead, and my mother is with her. My brother John is gon beyond sea, but I know not whither. His father-in-law is dead. My deare, my aunt and many others are very kinde to mee, soe that, through mercy, I have noe want of food and rayment, though in a meane way. The Lord is pleased to suit my mind to my condition, and to give mee strength, in some measure, to take pains with my children, which I look upon as a great mercy. I know not whether I may ever have another opportunity to send to you this season or noe, which makes me the longer now; for I shall not send but by those I judge to be faithfull, and I being in the country, I may not heare of every opportunity, and, though it is an unspeakable comfort to mee to heare of thy wellfare, yet I earnestly beg of thee not to send too often, for feare of the worst, for they are very vigilant here to find out persons. But this is my comfort, it is not in the power of men to act their owne will. And now, my dear, with 1000 tears, I take my leave of thee, and recommend thee to the great keeper of Israell, who neither slumbers nor sleepes, who, I hope, will keepe thee, and my dear friend with thee, from all your enemies, both spirituall and temporall, and in his owne time return you with safety to your family. Which is the dayly prayer of thy affectionate and obedient wife, till death. F.

"Many friends here desire to be remembered to you. It will not be convenient to name them. I am sure you have a stock of prayers going for you here, which you and I reap the benefit of. My humble duty presented to you know who.

"Frederick and the rest of thy dear babes that can speak, present their humble duty to thee, talk much of thee, and long to see thee.

"My humble duty to my dear father, and tell him I pray for him with my whole heart, but I am soe bad a scribe, I dare not write to him.

"Pray be private and careful who you trust."

was no less, for their consolation and our instruction,—the religion that believes in God, loves freedom and serves mankind.*

In 1792, Stiles was shown by Rev. Samuel Hopkins the regicide's room in Rev. Mr. Russell's house, then standing, with the closet behind the chimney, having a trap door or sliding board, communicating through a private passage with the cellar, to be resorted to in case of surprise,—and as tradition says once actually used, while those conducting the search walked over the floor. The prevailing accounts have been that the bodies of both of the Judges were buried in Hadley,—one about the premises of Mr. Russell, and the other in the cellar, garden, or houselot, of Peter Tilton,—some rods below on the same side of the main street. The Russell estate has been directly transmitted from that family through Isaac Chauncy, the second minister, his son Josiah Chauncy, two Samuel Gaylords, father and son, to Chester Gaylord, now living on the spot. Mr. Gaylord remembers that at the rebuilding, in 1795, the bones of a large human skeleton, much decomposed, were found under a flat stone, with the remains of a coffin, behind the front cellar wall. Beyond question, these were the remains of Whalley, the sturdy old King Killer, buried one hundred and twenty years before. On exposure to the air, the decayed fragments crumbled into dust, fine as that of the summer threshing floor, which the wind driveth away;† another fit theme for Hamlet and Horatio at the grave of poor Yorick, the King's jester. The Puritan Republican was no jester for a king, quite otherwise than that; he was in solemn, awful earnest; his word for the tyrant was the axe, though it should afterwards fall on his own neck or sever his own heartstrings. That uncovered skull was no "Cain's jaw-bone that did murder;" no "pate of a politician," "one that might circumvent God," nor of a courtier who could say "Good morrow, sweet lord," nor of "my lord such-a-one that praised my lord such-

*President Stiles dedicates his history of the Judges "To all the Patrons of real, perfect and unpolluted liberty."

†A tooth has been preserved, and was shown to the audience by the speaker, through the kindness of the President of the Day, in whose possession it remains.

a-one's horse when he meant to beg it." Nor have we only to mutter in some poor, cynical moralizing of despair,

> "Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
> Might stop a hole to keep the wind away;
> O, that the earth, which kept the world in awe,
> Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!"

—but to sing in tones of triumphant thanksgiving with Luther's old martyr-hymn,—

> "Flung to the heedless winds,
> Or on the waters cast,
> Their ashes shall be watched
> And gathered at the last;
> And from that scattered dust
> Around us and abroad
> Shall spring a plenteous seed
> Of witnesses for God.
> Still, still tho' dead, they speak,
> And trumpet tongued proclaim
> To many a wakening land
> The one availing Name."

Would that we had a handful of that sacred dust here to-day, that we might inurn it, and keep it as a Christian talisman in the village Pastor's study, as long as Christ has a minister here to preach the Gospel that is deliverance to the captive, and the opening of prison-doors to the bound!

Of Goffe's grave nothing is known. That mystery ends in mystery. The young girls of the last century, that used to shudder and whisper, as they ran, after dark, by Peter Tilton's garden, lest the apparition of the honest and brave old martyr should rise up to chase them, had hardly more reason for alarm from the quiet sleeper's spirit than the damsel of old that hearkened at the gate for the angel of the Apostle. This only we know, that both the prisoners passed at length out of their weary prison-house, through a door that opens into a larger than any human liberty, and, having the Good Shepherd to lead them, walk in Paradise with the sons of God.

One thing is quite clear from this history. The men and women that were here before us knew how to keep a secret. Their talent in that kind, considering the quick instinct that

detects and attacks mysteries, and all the chances of exposure, is one of the real wonders of the past. Rev. Mr. Hopkins says he had heard an old man say that older men had told him, that a search was once made for the regicides in all the houses of Hadley; but that "they searched as if they searched not."

It was, as everybody knows, in the attack of the Indians on the town, Sept. 1, 1675, a Day of Fasting, and while the people were assembled in their meeting house, that Goffe, willing to incur the sacrifice of exposing his own life to the double enemy—one here in the bushes, and another on the British throne—came suddenly forth from his hiding-place, and by valor and skill arraying the affrighted worshippers in ranks, and putting himself at their head, drove the assailants back. Considerations of policy fully account for the obscure allusions in the contemporaneous records. The principal correction supplied by modern investigations touches the question, at what precise spot the encounter took place. Mr. Judd judiciously suggests the extreme improbability that a small body of Indians would pass by the houses, barns and cattle of the village, to "surround" a meeting house full of armed men. The engagement probably occurred further east, before the Indians entered the street. This accords with a traditional feature of the story, which I heard for the first time last winter. An aged woman, in a remote part of the town, says she had heard that Goffe saw the Indians entering the town from the mountains at a distance. Now, from Stiles' plan of Russell's house, we know that the regicide's chamber projected eastward, looking at once east, north and south. While the people were all gone to meeting, the solitary captive would feel a degree of security in sitting at his window, which at that season might be open. There descrying the approach of the skulking savages, who would not suspect an observation from this elevated post, and who probably thought every man to be inside the meeting house, Goffe would, we may imagine, apprize the congregation at once of their danger, and throw himself in with the men as they rushed out from their interrupted devotions. Everything in this theory is consistent and probable.

Let us pass to some more particular notices of the character of our ancestors. The records of the early Courts show that the Hadley people of both sexes were sensitive in respect to their reputations. In 1662, a person by the name of Fellowes sued a Dutch woman bearing the suspicious designation of Judith Varlett, for calling him a rogue. The cases of crime or serious immorality were very rare, and the village exhibited an almost uniform integrity, order and religious self-control. Slander was one of the most frequent causes of prosecution, and that not so frequent as one would expect if the offence were made actionable at all. So far as appears, there never was but one divorce case in the town. May our lovers and maidens always be so careful and so true, and our homes so righteous and pure, and flirts and scoundrels so scarce, that there never shall be another! Husband and wife were sometimes separated, however, before they were married. That is, the old-time frolic of stealing away the bride, just before the wedding ceremony, by the sudden appearance of a party of uninvited neighbors, in revenge for their neglect, and keeping her hidden or locked up till an invitation was forthcoming—was one of the rude merry-makings of these neighborhoods, in their fun-loving moods. The last victim of this bride-robbery seems to have been Elizabeth Smith, daughter of Oliver, married in 1783 to Doctor Marsh, who bore also the name of Job, and who evidently needed his patriarchal namesake's patience before he recovered the stolen property. Gershom Hawkes suffered prosecution in 1682 for having in his possession a pack of cards, and also for traveling till twelve o'clock on the night before the Sabbath. A man was fined for saying "so it seems" in "a scoffing manner" to Justice Partridge in the court room, lighting his pipe with the tongs, and other tokens of disrespect. The law undertook to secure simplicity in female dress. Five wives and one maid of the best quality in the town were fined or admonished in 1673 for wearing silk. Sometimes the quantity or a flaunting manner of wearing silk is specified. It does not appear that mere circumference was made a circumstance of guilt. A silk hood and scarf "something worn" were produced in court. There can be hardly a

bolder sign of rugged democratic equality than those suits in the name of Christian morality, against respectable families. But social morality is rarely clear of all one-sidedness; and there was obviously a disproportion between the zeal against the women's wardrobes and the men's decanters and tobacco boxes. Perhaps there was finally a compromise between the sideboard and the toilet-table, for it is clear that the women had their way, sometimes wearing other ornaments than "a meek and quiet spirit" even into court on their trial, and willing, apparently, to pay, if necessary, not only the bills of the dry goods merchant, but the charges of the magistrate. In the town itself lawyers never flourished. It helps to show the thrift and industry of our beginnings, that for a hundred years Hadley had only eight or ten persons, all told, that needed public relief as paupers. Some of these were "boarded round" by turns in the families. The inhuman resort of putting them up to the lowest bidder, auctioneering wretchedness, came in later, and, to our Christian credit, went out not long after it came in.

A large part of the Town Records is taken up with the territorial matters belonging to the "Inner Commons,"—the common lands lying eastward of the "New Swamp," ending three and a quarter miles from the meeting-house, and stretching from Holyoke to Mill River. Many difficulties and readjustments occurred from time to time, in connection with the distribution of these commons to the private ownership of the inhabitants. It would be unprofitable to follow these complicated transactions. At the beginning of the last century there were about three score and ten families,—all living on the Broad street, or on the north highway leading out of it, except the miller at North Hadley. These took their shares of the divided lands by lot. An acre of "Inner Commons" was valued at a shilling, or even less. Occasional Indian invasions, or rumors of them, kept back the settlement of Amherst through a quarter of that century. A few "outer" grants were made south of Holyoke much earlier. Most of South Hadley was then a pasture for horses and cattle; and deer and wild

turkeys were seen darting through the forests.* At first, the settlers in these south and east sections were thought to be very hardy and enterprising people to attempt to get a living on such distant and barren uplands, and were welcomed with mingled feelings of wonder and gratitude, when, on Sundays, they gathered back to the old hive to worship. It is said some tender-hearted fathers and mothers actually shed tears over their sons and daughters, and implored the mercy of Heaven on their venturesomeness, when they went off to settle in the woods or "outer commons" of South Hadley! The house of the first settler at Hockanum, Capt. John Lyman, from Northampton, is still standing. A well known character, called "silly Peter Domo," had a house under Mount Holyoke, on the south end of Lawrence's Plain, two miles from any neighbor, where he lived a curious frontier life, and kept sheep for the town. Very unlike Socrates of old in intellectual furniture, he resembled him in domestic politics, being notoriously quite as much subject to Mrs. Domo, as the sheep of his flock were to him. The beautiful Island opposite "Old Rainbow Meadow," now owned by a North Hadley farmer, began to form early in the last century, took on grass about a hundred years ago, and was sold by the province to Solomon Stoddard for one hundred pounds.

In the last century hundreds of people came in, in the spring, to fish for salmon and shad, some say fifteen hundred men at once, carrying away bags of the fish on horseback. The shad were so plenty that they were often thrown back into the water as worthless. It was considered disreputable to eat them, indicating poverty. Mr. Judd tells of a family that being surprised at dinner hid the shad under the table. I can match this with a family anecdote of one of the Porters who happened to like shad, and ordered his negro to watch his opportunity on the river bank, and when no one should be looking slip a shad under his frock. Old fishermen have told of three thousand shad taken at a haul at South Hadley Falls. The principal stations above Holyoke were at the south end of the

* The Holyoke track of the Amherst and Granby road, by "Round Hill," was called "Turkey Pass." Turkeys have been shot by sportsmen like Paul Wright in our own day.

Main street, and at Forty Acres, by the present ferry. When shad rose in value they were sold for a penny apiece. The fishing season was a time of company, frolic, and practical joking, on both sides of the river.

South Hadley was made a separate precinct in 1733; Amherst in 1734; and Granby was incorporated as a town, being set off from South Hadley, in 1768. In the permission granted by the mother town to both South Hadley and Amherst, the express condition was affixed that they should "settle a good orthodox minister."

The founder of our Academy was Edward Hopkins, a noble-souled, princely merchant of London, who in 1637 exchanged his splendid and hospitable mansion in England for the hardships of the infant colony. Quincy says of him, "Few if any of the early emigrants to New England have left a name surrounded by a purer or more unfading lustre," and adds, that in coming to this country he had no less exalted an aim than to "plant a church and state approaching to that model of perfection which he had conceived in fancy."* If he failed of so magnificent a design, he certainly contributed, out of his great estate, his large heart, refined intelligence and elegant manners, to lay the best foundations of social welfare, in the education and religion of the people of New England. Refusing the inducements held out to him to settle in Massachusetts, he accompanied Davenport and Eaton to Connecticut, and became Governor of the Colony, taking an active share in forming its Constitution and serving as "one of the Commissioners who formed the articles of Confederation of the United Colonies of New England in 1643, the precursor of the confederation which nearly a century and a half afterwards was the instrument of American Independence." Administrative ability, public and private integrity, a cheerful courage amidst domestic griefs, wealth generously lavished for Christ and man, a severe and steadfast piety, these were the qualities and aims which made his career eminent and admirable, and placed him as so brilliant a figure in our annals. On his return to England

* History of Harvard University, Vol. I. page 168.

he passed through a series of high offices in the Government of Cromwell, and became a member of Parliament. The present value of his bequest to Harvard College is thirty thousand dollars. This legacy was invested in lands of the town of Hopkinton, taking its name from the donor.

Hadley shared with New Haven and Hartford in the Hopkins' Fund for Grammar Schools. For some reason not fully explained, but probably owing to the poverty of the Institution at that time and the interest of the churches in it, it was agreed by the Trustees that Harvard College should receive from Hadley, as lying in Massachusetts, a considerable portion of what would otherwise be the Hadley share. Rev. John Davenport of New Haven was one of the two original Trustees, William Goodwin of Hadley being the other. Yale College was not founded till the beginning of the eighteenth century, and was either not vigilant enough or not early enough in the field as a competitor with Cambridge. The grant of land made to the School by the Town in 1667, called "School Meadow," containing the Indian burial ground, was originally of about sixty acres, but by the liberal action of the River now includes about one hundred and forty acres.* The grist mill at School Meadow was built by the Hopkins funds. The first "Committee," or Board of Trustees, consisted of six leading citizens. Other donations came in from other quarters. A vexing controversy, on the question whether this "Grammar" School should be turned into an "English" School soon after agitated the town,—Rev. Mr. Russell and about a dozen others standing for the old plan, but a majority being eager, and even passionate, for a change. The matter found its way into the courts, disturbed the neighborhood, and was finally settled by appeal to the Council House in Boston,—Dudley being President,—in favor of Russell and the original scheme. Mention is made of "the hot and raised spirit of the people of Hadley," and it appears that the sun arose if it did not "go down" upon their wrath; for notice is given of one public meeting that was held in the morning when the sun was only a quarter of an hour

* The average rent at which this whole meadow was let out, for half a century, was six or eight pounds *per annum*.

high. The most influential person in the defeated party was Samuel Partrigg, or Partridge, who afterwards removed to Hatfield. He is said to have been,—after Pynchon's death in Springfield—the most conspicuous man of the County. He had a license to "sell liquors for the helpfulness of his neighbours," and that certainly needs considerable talent. He was handled sharply on the school question, by the Court of Sessions, and at last bidden "to seek his own peace."

This was the first occasion when the Hadley people discovered a gift for division and disputation. To a considerable extent, it was an honest difference of judgment between those who appreciated the advantage of an elevated literary culture, or "Grammar" training—including classical studies—for the whole surrounding country, on the one side, and those who clung to town privileges and the plain elementary education of their children, on the other. The school afterwards kept its "Grammar" character, and did not lose it when, in 1817, it became an Academy.

The first schoolmaster was Caleb Watson, of Roxbury, who seems to have come about 1766. The first salary mentioned was thirty pounds per annum. The second teacher bore the patronymic of Younglove, and was a preacher. The school was kept at first in the private house of Nathaniel Ward, on the Broad street, near where Mr. Giles E. Smith lives now. A school house was built on the same street in 1796. Most of the teachers from the beginning were recent college graduates, and instructed in Greek and Latin as well as the English branches, that is, the Hornbook, Primer, Catechism, Psalter and Testament, with a little Accidence and Arithmetic. Among those of the first half century I find the names of Russell, Partrigg, Mather, Salmon Treat, Hubbard, Chauncey and John Partridge of Hatfield, Aaron Porter of Hadley, Elisha Williams, in 1726 made President of Yale College, Ebenezer Gay, afterwards minister of Hingham, Solomon Williams, afterwards minister at Lebanon, Connecticut, and Daniel Dwight of Northampton,—as honorable a catalogue as it would be easy to find belonging to any similar institution. Girls at first attended the school only in small numbers. Mr. Judd thinks not one New England woman

in a dozen could write her name, one hundred and fifty years ago. Now nearly as many as that write poetry for the newspapers.

Throughout its whole history, Hadley has been worthily distinguished for its liberal interest in the cause of education. I find from the annals of Harvard College, that in 1669, when the public spirit of the entire colony was appealed to for contributions to aid in erecting a new college building at Cambridge, and thus to extend the influence of that favorite seat of Puritan learning and piety,—for which sacrifices had bee made elsewhere of almost ludicrous simplicity and minuteness, solemn enough when we think of the souls that gave and the souls for whom the gifts were made, one man giving a few sheep, another a pewter flagon, another a silver-tipped jug, another a salt cellar, and another a sugar spoon, and many a peck of corn apiece,—the people of Hadley gave thirty-three pounds fifteen shillings and three pence, which was more than any other town west of Watertown gave, and nearly twice as much as Springfield or Northampton.

Reference has been made to superstition. That mournful and destructive form of moral hallucination, which had long been blighting parts of the old world, and which broke out toward the close of the seventeenth century in the staid and earnest religious mind of New England, found but few victims along the valley of the Connecticut. Either our predecessors in this region were too sound in their mental constitution, or had too much on their hands, to give themselves up to disgusting conflicts that allowed no honest, direct resistance. An invisible, impalpable abstraction of a black cat may very reasonably be postponed to a live, red, muscular, yelling savage, with a musket in his hands and a tomahawk and a torch in his belt.

Nevertheless, when the pressure of Indian hostilities yielded a little, the delusion crept in and left a few wretched families. At Springfield the misery was great, as many of my audience have learned from the engaging pages of a popular historical fiction, where the names of Parsons and Moxon are made as

familiar as household words.* To the credit either of our local subjects or of the Boston juries, no one of the possessed that were sent from this region for trial was visited with capital punishment. Even the story-telling genius of Widow Noble—the romantic heroine of a real love story, who from the brilliant beauty of her youth became a town mendicant in her old age—had to travel far from home to find the dark materials of those thrilling midnight legends that curdled the blood and lifted the hair of her young listeners, sending them to hide under the bedclothes, with the feeling that there was a nest of scowling monsters in every corner of the room and a demon behind every bed post. Only three persons of this valley appear to have been seriously implicated, and only one of these as exercising the power of the spell. Moll Webster, a termagant pauper, living on the middle meadow lane, just in the rear of the house now occupied by Mr. Bell, where the old town's poor-house stood, and who was accused of a variety of infernal malpractices, was doubtless formidable enough with her tongue; but the infirmities of her temper could evidently be accounted for without resorting to the nether world. She was accused of bringing the oxen to a sudden stand as they passed her door on the way into the meadow; but the whips of the teamsters, applied inside the house, were said to dispel the enchantment. Unquestionably there was one instance of real and tragical distress, occasioned by the notions then current about this same Moll Webster, who after all came out of her trial at Boston with an honorable acquittal.

One of the most esteemed and trusty men of the community,† a deacon of the church, a lieutenant in the troops, the ancestor of a large posterity always holding a high place in the town, died of some inscrutable disorder, attended with unusual and violent symptoms. The credulity of the time pronounced him witch-struck by Mary Webster's enchantments while the good man was relieving her destitution with charity. Those who would read the revolting particulars may find them detailed in "Mather's Magnalia" as the seventh of his fourteen instances of the "Wonders of the Invisible World." It appears that

*"The Bay Path." †Philip Smith.

there were several "brisk lads," who were disposed to trace the mischief no farther back than the will of a woman who was either weak or wicked. With more zeal than gallantry, and more indignation than mercy, they "dragged her out of the house, hung her up until she was near dead, let her down, rolled her some time in the snow, and at last buried her in it, and there left her,"—after which she lived eleven years in quiet. Col. Sam. Partridge, magistrate, evidently took a very rationalistic view of the whole matter. His recipe for a complaint of witchcraft was ten stripes of a whip on the back of the accuser.

It is one of the saddest aspects of all this humiliating delusion of the human mind, that it owed its prevalence and energy so largely to a few prominent, influential, educated men, grossly open to imposition, and mistaking a fear of phantoms for a righteous regard to realities. The whole bewilderment may be taken for a solemn illustration of the responsibility connected with our susceptibility to supernatural impressions; as a warning against all foolish tamperings with that world of secrets, which God hath kept in his own power; as a plea for a practical, humble, scriptural faith, working by love in the world that now is, as the sure preparation for the things that we must wait to see opened in the world that is to come. "The secret things belong unto the Lord our God; but those things which are revealed belong unto us and to our children forever, that we should do all the words of this law."

This Faith, scriptural, humble, practical, we find in our forefathers, with little alloy, and never lost. The history of the Church, in almost any of these New England towns, is the history of the town itself; for the whole New England movement and settlement had a religious basis. Faith was the spring of it. Everything was done, in the deep and primary motive, for the glory of God. There was a valiant, reverential piety in the commonest acts. The Hebrew theocracy was the model of the Commonwealth. Even the raising of ordinary buildings was often begun with a prayer to Jehovah. And when the religious service was omitted on occasions where we now perform it, un-

der the apparent contradiction there was often a real theological consistency. Thus, in the first half-century, there was no sort of religious act, no prayer, at funerals. But this was doubtless omitted from a violent repugnance to the Romish superstition of prayers for the souls of the dead. The company of Massachusetts Bay wrote to Gov. Endicott and his Council, in their first letter of instructions, "For that the propagating of the Gospel is the thing we do profess above all to be our aim in settling this plantation, we have been careful to make plentiful provision of godly ministers, by whose faithful preaching and exemplary life we trust not only those of our own nation will be built up in the knowledge of God, but also the Indians may, in God's appointed time, be reduced to the obedience of the Gospel of Christ."

It is an honorable distinction that the first Church organized on the River north of Springfield was at Hadley. Northampton was a year later, though settled earlier. Nearly all the first settlers were church-members, consistent and godly men, as eminent for piety as they confessedly were for general intelligence. Conspicuous among them were the two deacons, Nathaniel Dickinson and Peter Tilton. Meetings for worship were held at first in a private dwelling. The order for the first meeting-house was passed by the town in December, 1661. This sanctuary was not finished till the year 1670. It stood in the great street, very near where we are now met, on an elevation of land, since levelled away, called "meeting-house hill,"—being placed so near the north end to accommodate the people west of the River. Its hundred and twenty-eight seats for adults were all taken at once. Each "seat" probably accommodated several persons,—high pews not being yet introduced. The sexes were separated, not with a high partition, as is sometimes seen among the Quakers, but in the distribution of the audience. The men generally sat on the minister's right, and the women on his left. The juvenile portion were put by themselves, and sticks were set up at intervals with "fit persons" to use them, "as occasion should require," on the disorderly. Galleries were voted at the end of the century. The singing was Congregational,

as all public singing *of hymns* ought to be. Abell was bought for twenty-five dollars, and paid for in winter wheat at three shillings a bushel. What is the contribution that any of us here would not cheerfully make, to-day, for any mysterious recuperative phonographic art, that should call up from some hidden Holyoke dell, or some nook by the river-bed, a slumbering echo of that holy sound, for the first time shaking the still Sunday morning air of this valley, or dying away, over the river, and calling the reverent worshippers to prayer? The bell-tower was on the centre of a four-sided roof so that the bell-rope was pulled in the centre of the main aisle. In 1676 it was ordered "to ring the bell at nine o'clock at night, through the year."

This first meeting-house resounded with the preaching and praises of the strong, pure worship of our ancestors, forty-seven years. In 1713, at a *town* meeting,—for the town was then the Parish,—order was given to Mr. Samuel Porter, Lieut. Nehemiah Dickinson, Sergeant Daniel Marsh, Peter Montague and Samuel Barnard, committee, to superintend the erection of a new meeting-house, fifty feet by forty, "in the middle of the town street." Neither that nor its predecessor was dedicated. Such a ceremony was then hardly known. In 1739, Col. Eleazar Porter, by permission, erected a new pulpit and sounding-board, at his own cost. The balcony, or steeple, was built up from the ground, on the north side, and was the first of that construction in Hampshire County. Open seats only gradually gave place to pews, which, though uncarpeted and uncushioned, were considered aristoratic, and could be put up only by vote of the town, which was hard to be got. The seating of the people was done by a committee, and as the order of arrangement was not based upon the scripture rule of precedence, giving the best the "lowest room,"—but upon estate, as well as age, it gave rise to some jealousy, and occasionally to an unseemly contention. Even "age," as a title to priority, might possibly disturb some sensitive natures, as it could hardly be expected with all persons, and both sexes, that there would not be an internal struggle between the advantage of a high seat and the public disclosure of the precise number of years. In this

building there was at least one wedding,—that of Sarah Porter and David Hillhouse, about 1781.* The first trace of a distinct choir of singers in the gallery appears in 1772. The spire seems not to have been carried completely up till 1753, when it was crowned by the same copper weather-cock which still surmounts the steeple of the later house, now standing in the Middle Street, and which has breasted every wind that blew for more than a hundred years. It has known but two other movements, viz: when two young men climbed to it by night, in 1808, and stole it from its perch, as a feat of mischievous skill, and in its journey from one street to another, in 1841. In the high negro-seats, at the corners, above the galleries, might be seen the well-known Ralph Way and other black worthies. The commanding figure of Joshua Boston, owned in the Porter family, a person of such gentlemanly dignity that it is said passengers stopped to notice him in the street,—who always carried his wife's reticule to meeting from his sense of breeding, and was thought to bear a resemblance to Gen. Washington,—refused to take a place in this enclosure for color, and persisted in sitting in the porch, even at the risk of church discipline. He was valued at twenty pounds:—a moderate price for so fine a specimen of a body,—not reckoning the soul, which, possibly, was not owned at all, save by that Lord of whose spiritual body in the Church he was a member.

George Whitfield preached once in Hadley, in 1740. One of the great days of the century it must have been. Hatfield refused to let him come there; but it is said some people heard the new-light theology ringing in his clarion voice, across the river.

As you all know, the first minister, Rev. John Russell, came with his flock from Wethersfield,—having their full confidence as to the validity of the ordinances, and all other matters of

*This ceremony is remembered by a lady present at the celebration, who says the bridegroom wore a white coat. This lady is the daughter of a citizen who gave Hadley the distinction of having the first scythe made in it ever manufactured on this side of the Atlantic,—Benjamin Colt. One of his descendants is well known on both continents as an inventor, and the master of a great establishment in the manufacture of pistols, at Hartford, Ct.

faith and of practice. In their jealousy of preferments and their economy of titles his people rarely wrote "Reverend" before his name; but reverence for him, in his person and his office, was written on their hearts, and there was no lack in him of every ministerial quality, including practical skill as well as evangelical fidelity,—a shrewd economy in the things of this world as well as a zealous testimony for the inheritance to come. He was every way worthy of his charge; a scholar, graduated at Harvard College in 1645, in the third class sent out from that Institution,—then commonly called "the School of the Prophets." That he was zealous and faithful as a Pastor there is every evidence. That he was independent and fearless in his loyalty to duty appears from his course, not always popular, at Wethersfield, and his firm behaviour in reference to the trust and management of the Hopkins School. That he was at once strong in his attachments and sagacious in affairs, is proved by his untiring devotedness and consummate skill in the protection of the regicides. That he was publicly esteemed as a preacher is indicated by his appointment to preach the Election Sermon in 1665. I take the liberty to say,—here among neighbors,—that I count it among my best ancestral honors to be descended, through my mother, from Mr. Russell's third wife, Phebe Gregson,—Phebe Whiting by her first marriage,—asking no other warrant for her goodness than that she was the chosen companion of two good divines; nor for her talents and those of her two predecessors as housewives, than the fact that on a salary ranging from eighty to ninety pounds a year, paid mostly in produce, her husband, besides supporting his family, educating two sons, discharging all debts, providing for funeral charges and tombstones, and delivering to his wife Phebe about one hundred pounds sterling, which was more than she brought him, left to his children £S30. The only items I could wish out of the inventory of the estate are "three negroes, a man, woman and child."

The second settled minister was Rev. Isaac Chauncey of Stratford Ct. grandson of the second president of Harvard College, where he was himself graduated in 1693. He was or-

dained about 1696. The parish gave him the home lot and buildings of Mr. Russell, the former pastor, and twenty acres of meadow land "to him and his heirs forever," a salary of eighty pounds and his firewood. There is every reason to believe he fulfilled the high calling of his office conscientiously; a lover of peace, not excelling in doctrinal discrimination, but dwelling happily among his own people. One of his four published sermons is on the vanity of superficial religion; another, preached at the funeral of Rev. John Williams of Deerfield, is spoken of as showing more taste and learning than was common at the time. A tragical occurrence took place in his family in the loss of the reason and the life of his son Israel, a young minister of education and promise, who became deranged and perished in the flames which consumed the building where he was confined. Public events made Mr. Chauncey less conspicuous than his predecessor. But he was more accomplished and abler as a man of books, and continued to be revered and loved to his death, which took place in 1745, in his seventy-fifth year.

The third minister was Rev. Chester Williams of Pomfret, Ct., a graduate of Yale in 1735, and tutor there two years. In his answer to the call he thinks the salary hardly sufficient to support a minister "free from the entanglements of life," but accepts, "hoping," he says, "I covet you more than yours." His ordination in 1741 was an occasion of great rejoicing. It is honorable, both to him and to his parish, that they carefully supplied his wants, paying him more, commonly, than his annual salary, without the expedient of "donation parties." That Mr. Williams was not wanting in energy appears from what is known of his course generally, and from his being willing to act and vote against Jonathan Edwards on the question of the qualifications for church communion. Edwards limited the participation in the Lord's supper to converted persons, but Mr. Williams, sustained by his church, regarded the ordinance as a converting one. The great body of evangelical Christians in New England have held to the view of Edwards, and the Hadley church returned to it. Mr. Williams married a daughter of Hon. Eleazer Porter, received

through her a handsome property, kept an extensive wardrobe, rode the best horse in Hampshire county, disrelished scandal-mongers, and is reported to have said to an intermeddler who came to him with some piece of parish gossip: "Sir, this room has two doors,—you can take which you please."

Mr. Williams was followed in 1755 by Rev. Samuel Hopkins, a nephew of Jonathan Edwards, and a graduate of Yale, who was ordained after a Fast and two sermons in February, his father, from West Springfield, preaching. He married the widow of his predecessor. In 1766, his house was burned, but in eleven days his prompt and energetic people had framed a new one, in which he was soon re-established; the same now standing north of the Russell church, and ninety-three years old. Through a long and happy ministry, lasting till 1809, within two years of the end of his life, this earnest and godly preacher maintained the character of a hospitable, cheerful, conciliatory, exemplary shepherd of the flock. Gravity and humor were so admirably blended in him as to make him a very animating companion to the young, without abating anything from his ministerial dignity. If he was somewhat deliberate and monotonous in the pulpit, there are anecdotes to show that he was witty enough out of it. He fulfilled his high vocation, according to the pastoral Epistles of St. Paul, magnifying his office. His body was committed to its rest, beside those of the other venerated fathers, in the holy ground of our graveyard. I will not repeat the affectionate and hearty epitaphs which the mourning people carved upon these stones. You have read them again and again, or will read them before to-day's sun goes down. Not a stain rests on the memory of those four faithful lives. Let us thank the Chief Shepherd for that! And when the great multitude they turned to righteousness shall appear with them, how many of our ancestry and kindred will come to crown them, in robes of light, with palms in their hands!

In the first of those epitaphs you find it declared that the pastor "governed the flock," but he and the three others I have mentioned governed it in the benignant spirit of their Master, with gentleness and modesty, with simplicity and truth,

blending courtesy with integrity, and letting love govern themselves. They did not lord it over God's heritage. They had that spiritual discernment, given to the true and pure in heart, which knows how to recognize the spirit of piety, even under a deviation from its received forms; and they had that heavenly charity which sees that they who are not against the Master are on his side, while they that have not the spirit of Christ are none of his. There was no Diotrephes among them, loving to have the pre-eminence. There was no vulgar, officious, blatant assumption of authority, no wilful dictation, no false-accusing intolerance, nor eager suspicion betraying a consciousness of inward wrong, no upstart imitation, on a petty scale, of Papal airs, requiring their people to pity, pardon and forget. Their record is clear, and it is on high.

In the same burying ground are to be seen memorials over the mouldering remains of four, besides Russell, of those stout-hearted worthies who came in the original migration from Connecticut, to wrestle with the wilderness and turn it into a garden for our sake, making it the dear old Hadley, the beautiful old Hadley, the venerable old Hadley, that we know, and love, and admire, and venerate, and mean to love and venerate more and more, as long as God lets us have hearts, reasons, memories, souls. Headstones are set there for Captain Aaron Cook, Chileab Smith, John Ingram and John Webster. Mr. Webster was the first adult buried. It is a touching incident, and comes very close home to many of us, who have seen life open in forms made of our flesh and blood only to close again before this world's air had colored its consciousness, that the very first body laid in our field of burial was that of a little infant without a name, born to Philip Smith, dying away from the hardship and the peril, away from the race and the battle, before they came! How that solemn cemetery humbles and brings together all ages and conditions!

> "He lived, he died: behold the sum,
> The abstract of the historian's page!
> Alike in God's all-seeing eye,
> The infant's day—the patriarch's age."*

*I cannot help connecting with this passage, as the sheets pass through the press, a reference to the solemn and beautiful lyrical tribute to the "NAME-

Friends, I think another generation can hardly move on to take the appointed place in that burial-field, without obeying more carefully than has yet been done the refined and elevated sentiments which bid us adorn chastely the places of the dead; bid us cover them with the bloom and the beauty of foliage and flowers; bid us win and soothe the mourners there with tender colors, fair outlines, and a graceful order,—all in the name of him who brought life and immortality to light, and whose dear form slept in the garden of Joseph. Christ never despised reverential tributes to the human body. He graciously accepted the costly anointing of Mary, "done against the day of his burial." In the elder times, it was a custom to lead out the youths of royal families to gaze on the monuments of their ancestors, and be inspired there to emulate their heroism. And here are ancestral memorials, rekindling in us and our children the holy courage of those who have won incorruptible crowns. Scatter along those ridges the seeds of fragrant blossoms that shall breathe their perfume of benediction over the green sods. Twine there the delicate graces of the sweet-briar, the woodbine, the ivy, the clematis, and the rose. Multiply, by every avenue and pathway, the voiceless preachers of hope,—

> "Floral apostles, that with dewy splendor
> Weep without woe, and blush without a crime."

LESS ONES," presented at a later hour of the Day of Celebration, from Dr. Holland. Years ago, Mrs. Hemans, whose "Pilgrim Ode" eloquently utters her generous sympathy with these New England heroes, wrote,—

> "The kings of old have shrine and tomb
> In many a minster's haughty gloom;
> And green, along the ocean's side,
> The mounds arise where heroes died;
> But show me, on thy flowery breast,
> Earth, where thy nameless martyrs rest!
>
> "What though no stone the record bears
> Of their deep thoughts and lonely prayers,
> May not our inmost hearts be stilled,
> With knowledge of their presence filled,
> And by their lives be taught to prize
> The meekness of self-sacrifice?"

In even more spirited verses, our native Poet makes these nameless sleepers arise and speak:—

> "Blood of ours is on the meadow;
> Dust of ours is in the soil;
> But no tablet casts a shadow
> Where we slumber from our toil."

Once it was an observance for every passer-by to perpetuate and enlarge the mound that marked a grave by casting one more stone upon the sepulchral pile. And here, where affection and veneration alike plead with us, ought we not to unite in bringing each a shade-tree, a honey-suckle, a forget-me-not, or a lily? Cleanse away the weeds. Set up the leaning or fallen tablets. Restore the fading inscriptions. Make smooth the rough and sunken spots. Plant the living shafts and arches of the elm, the willow, the pine, the larch, to attract the birds and their melodies. Make the whole what the Moravians love to call their cemeteries, a "Field of Peace."* Into those "acres of God" have been borne out from almost all these houses—from how many of these living arms! one and another very precious contribution to the congregated multitude of the departed—given up with tears, yet, if faith had her triumph, given up willingly because it was the Almighty Love that called them.

It is right that our long review of the generations of the living should halt here where every generation and every procession halts at last. Through the gateway of mortality every review must pass. There every history must be sifted. A hundred years hence, how many, coming after us, will have entered! To those who shall gather to celebrate the third centennial, what strange and quaint antiquities the surviving specimens of our customs and fashions and dwellings and forms of speech will be! But this we know; and let this be our consolation:—Humanity, Duty, Character, Goodness, Truth Freedom, Faith, Hope, Charity, will all be unchanged—keeping their loveliness and majesty forever. "Glorious is the fruit

* It will be taken in good part, I hope, if I suggest farther that any effectual improvements in this direction must depend very much on some social action of the people of the town. Measures for the decoration of private lots are apt to wear a look of singularity or ostentation, in a village grave-yard, if the adjacent spaces are left bare. The Providence of our history has committed to us a very unusual and a very sacred treasury in this dust of the great and good. The better instincts of humanity, the better tendencies of the age, and the genial teachings of our religion, all charge us to ask ourselves how we are guarding that trust. The reasons for action would be equally strong if we only inquired how we might provide a resort of most benign and purifying influence for the leisure hours of those that shall come after us.

of good labors, and the root of wisdom shall never fall away." Christ, our Redeemer, shall abide, "the same yesterday, to-day and forever." The everlasting Word shall live. He who is without beginning of days, or end of years,—who said "Let there be light" over creation, and there was light, who made the first beams of civilization to play along this valley, and who is to make the kingdoms of the earth the kingdoms of our Lord, shall not leave his people nor forsake them.

"In pleasant lands have fallen the lines
That bound our goodly heritage,
And safe beneath our sheltering vines
Our youth is blest, and soothed our age.

"What thanks, O God, to thee are due
That thou didst plant our fathers here;
And watch and guard them us they grew,
A vineyard to the Planter dear!

"The toils they bore our ease have wrought;
They sowed in tears;—in joy we reap;
The birth-right they so dearly bought
We'll guard, till we with them shall sleep!"

The following hymn, selected and slightly changed, was then sung by the choir and audience :—

God of our fathers ! hear the song
  Their grateful sons united raise,
While round their hallowed graves we throng,
  To think and speak of other days,—

Those days of toil and peril, when,
  In faith and love that conquered fear,
They bought the fields of savage men,
  And reared their homes and altars here.

To thee their daily vows were paid ;
  To thee their hearts and lives were given ;
And, by thy guidance and thine aid,
  They trod their pilgrim path to heaven.

Rich is the heritage we claim,
  Whom thou hast made their favored heirs,
Their cherished faith, their honest fame,
  Their love, their counsels, and their prayers.

They left us freedom, honor, truth ;
  Oh, may these rich bequests descend
From sire to son, from age to youth,
  And bless our land till time shall end.

So, as successive centuries roll,
  When we shall long have passed away,
Here may our sons, with heart and soul,
  Still hail Old Hadley's natal day.

POEM.

BY EDWARD C. PORTER, A. B.

As pilgrims, when they reach the shrine their weary feet have sought,—
As sailors, when the anchor drops within the well known port,—
As tired children, when they hear their mother's gentle call,
To come around the glowing hearth at quiet Even-fall;

So we have gladly laid aside the sandals that had grown
Too dusty in the busy world, through which we journeyed on,
And furled the weather-beaten sails that long have floated free,
To catch the ever shifting wind upon Life's restless sea;

And hastened at our mother's call upon this festal day,
To smooth the brow of weariness and drive all care away,
To circle round the ancient fire and sing the songs of old,
And listen once again to hear the tales our grand-sires told.

We come to tell the faithful ones—our brothers—who at home
Have kept the Fathers' memories fresh while we have loved to roam,
The story of our wandering life, the wonders we have seen,
Since in our boyhood's days we played upon this noble green.

For some of us have wandered long beneath far distant skies,
And sought in strange and foreign lands to win the golden prize,
That glittered through our boyish dreams, as drowsily we lay
On the long grass beneath these elms in the hot summer day.

And some have hurried up and down where Wall street's busy throng
Among the vaults of untold gold sweeps restlessly along,
From where the ships are lifting their anchors for the sea,
To where the spire of Trinity points heavenward solemnly.

And some have crossed the barrier hills that toward the sunset stand,
And carried bright New England homes to the broad Western land,
And given their thriving villages the old familiar name,
In grateful loyalty to spread their Birth-place's honored fame.

And some have gone, with loving hearts, upon those prairies wide
To tell the simple story of a Savior crucified,
And labored long and labored well till darkness fled away,
And from the East across the West flushed the glad dawn of day.

And some have stood in Learning's halls to guide the feet that climb
With young and often straying steps the cloud-capped hights of Time,
And with an earnest, loving faith in youth's quick, generous blood,
Have led them upward joyfully through manliness to God.

And some have crossed the billowy seas to that fair Mother-land,
Where our stout Saxon fathers fought long ere the pilgrim band
Came westward in the Mayflower, with iron hearts and bold,
And called this home *New* England for the love they bore the Old.

And some have stood with half drawn breath within the walls of Rome,
And heard the Miserere thrilled beneath St. Peter's dome,
And climbed far up the solemn Alps o'er the eternal snows,
And felt their inmost hearts grow still amid the grand repose.

And from these quiet village homes some have gone forth to stand
As messengers of peace on earth in the dark heathen land;
And though they rest in far off graves, yet who shall dare to say
Their spirits do not meet with ours upon this festal day?

And some there are—God bless them all—who watchfully have kept
The fire alive on the old hearth, e'er since the Fathers slept,
And peacefully from year to year have marked the seasons' round,
From Winter with its fireside joys to Autumn harvest-crowned.

God bless them—for they've guarded well our vacant places here,
And watched with welcome for our steps through many a weary year;
God bless them for the kindly thoughts that in their bosoms burn,
As on this happy day they hail the wanderer's return.

Bright dreams of childhood's joyous hours, glad thoughts of early days,
Come swiftly thronging round us now, as from our various ways
We gather at the quiet home our fathers loved of yore,
And light the fires of Auld Lang Syne within our hearts once more.

Oh, vainly in the honied words that I may try to use,
Or in the smoothly flowing rhymes a poet's ear could choose,
Or in the soft measures lightly moved as the sweet breath of May,
All vainly shall we seek in these the Poem of the day.

But each man in his own deep soul can read with tearful eyes
The record that is written there of youthful memories,
And paint on Fancy's canvas the days that are no more,
The well known forms and gentle smiles of loved ones gone before.

And as we raise, all thankfully, our thoughts to that far Heaven,
Where God is keeping safe for us those treasures early given,
And guiding by their starry light our often wandering way,
Each loving heart will be its own best Poet of the day.

And all around this dear old home, on Mountain, Vale and Stream,
In these tall elms, amid whose leaves the dews of morning gleam,
And on the meadows where the birds are singing blithe and gay,
God's hand has written for us all, the Poem of the day.

Grandly rise the Mountains toward the Southern sky,
With the bannered pine trees on their turrets high,
Through the smiling Summer—through the Winter's gale,
Like twin castles guarding all the peaceful vale.

Ragged rise the Mountains where the river pours
Its swift current darkly past the rocky shores,
Like grim, silent warders in their iron mail,
Guarding well the portal of the peaceful vale.

Solemn stand the Mountains where the white mists rise
From their rocky summits to the morning skies,
Like twin Druid altars where the incense pale
Bears aloft the worship of the peaceful vale.

Sternly frown the Mountains when the thunders loud,
Echoing round their bulwarks, roll from cloud to cloud,
And the wrathful Storm-wind hurls the icy hail
On the summer verdure of the peaceful vale.

Softly smile the Mountains when the sun goes down,
And his last light lingers like a golden crown,
Round their pine-clad summits, while o'er hill and dale
Stretch the Evening shadows through the peaceful vale.

And thus the grand old Mountains stood,
Through Summer's bloom and Winter's snow,
And watched amid the solitude,
O'er hill and valley, field and wood,
Two hundred years ago.

Jeweled lies the Valley when the dew is spread,
On the glistening flowrets of the fertile mead,
When the breath of Morning from the placid streams
Rises white and holy in the Day King's beams.

Fresh and green the Valley when the sun's slant ray
Browns the strong-armed mower 'mid the scented hay,
While the meadows murmur low with droning bees,
And the light winds whisper through the lofty trees.

Broad and rich the Valley when the leafy June
Shades the weary cattle from the scorching Noon,
Where the brooklet tinkles in its mossy bowers,
Glancing merry laughter to the nodding flowers.

Lovely lies the Valley when the shadows drawn
In the level sunbeams, stretch o'er field and lawn,
And all Nature hushes in her wondering pride,
As the regal purple robes the mountain side.

Beautiful the Valley when the dying day
Clad in wondrous glory grandly glides away,
'Mid the flooded radiance o'er the West that's rolled,
Gilding cloud and hill-top with the liquid gold.

And thus the peaceful Valley lay,
And watched the River's ceaseless flow,
All blooming in the showers of May,
Or decked with Autumn's garland gay,
Two hundred years ago.

Brightly flows the River where the sparkling gleam
Of its myriad ripples silvers all the stream,
Flowing in the sunlight ever restlessly,
Toward its far-off union with the mighty Sea.

Darkly flows the River where the willows lave
Their moss-tangled tresses in the rippling wave,
Flowing in the shadow ever ceaselessly,
Onward to its bridal with the grey old Sea.

Swiftly flows the River where it plows its way
'Neath the fallen elm trees crumbling in decay,
Hurrying on forever till its rest shall be
On the heaving bosom of the Bridegroom Sea.

From the Northern mountains,—down the valleys broad,—
Through the narrow gorges,—past the shining ford,
Past the emerald islands,—ever steadily
Flows the river proudly onward to the Sea.

In the glare of Noon-day—in the moonbeams pale—
With the mists of Morning for a bridal veil,
Flows the faithful River on confidingly
To the heaving bosom of the Bridegroom Sea.

And thus the noble River flowed,
And watched the Summer come and go,
As on the mossy banks she strowed
Her flowers and garlands through the wood,
Two hundred years ago.

Beyond the seas proud nations stand in the firm ranks of war,
The echo of their mighty tread has reached us from afar.
The Eagles of Napoleon float where Cæsar's legions lay,
Well nigh two thousand years ago in Rome's illustrious day.

And poor, down-trodden Italy is rising yet once more,
And her Roman blood flows proudly, as in the days of yore:
God help her as she takes the field for home and liberty,
And grapples with the tyrant that her children may be free.

But in our quiet valleys, we hear no war's alarms,
We see no burning villages, no clash of burnished arms;
Only the Wind's long battle with the grand old forest trees,
And the tall corn's mimic warfare with the fitful Summer breeze.

The Broom-corn stands on the meadow lands,
Like an army still and solemn,
When it holds its breath as the leaden death
Pours fast from the foeman's column;
For the tall Broom-corn is a warrior born,
In the stern battalions growing,
And his green leaves wave like a banner brave,
When the battle winds are blowing.

The yellow Maize in September days
Stands ripe on hill and meadow,
While brightly gleam in the slant sunbeam
The ears 'mid the green leaves' shadow;
But the tall Broom-corn is a warrior born,
In the stern battalions growing,
And his green leaves wave like a banner brave,
When the battle winds are blowing.

The golden grain on the sunny plain
Stands calm in the early dawning,
And it nods with pride on the broad hill-side,
In the gentle breeze of morning;
But the tall Broom-corn is a warrior born,
In the stern battalions growing,
And his green leaves wave like a banner brave,
When the battle winds are blowing.

His blood-red crest in the morning mist,
He waves o'er the close ranks proudly,
Like a soldier's plume in the battle gloom,
Where the cannon thunder loudly;
For the tall Broom-corn is a warrior born,
In the stern battalions growing,
And his green leaves wave like a banner brave,
When the battle winds are blowing.

A few short hours, a few glad words will close this happy day,
And we must leave these well known scenes and go upon our way;
Put on the dusty sandals,—unfurl the sun-bleached sail,
And seek once more upon life's sea to catch the favoring gale.

But yet before we spread our sails upon the restless waves,
For one brief moment we will stand beside our Fathers' graves,
And drop the unforbidden tear as we remember those
Who started with us in the race, but early sought repose.

In the old Burying Ground over the hill,
Our Fathers are sleeping calmly and still,
The moss covered tombstones guarding their rest,
The soft earth pressed gently on each still breast;
Loud have the winter storms round their graves swept,
Long years have silently over them crept,
Yet all unheedingly they have slept still,
In the old Burying Ground over the hill.

Manful and earnest men, Godly and tried,
Nobly they lived on earth, fearlessly died;
And, though the carved names are wasting away,—
Though the old tombstones sink in decay,—
Yet on a fadeless scroll God's care hath kept
The names of our Fathers bright while they have slept.

To the old Burying Ground, over the hill,
Through the two centuries gathering still,
Youth and gray headed man, mother and maid,
Have been borne tearfully, silently laid
To rest with the Fathers who slumber so still,
In the old Burying Ground over the hill.

There in the quiet earth, through the long years,
Free from life's busy cares, safe from its fears,
Peaceful and calm they lie, while gently wave
Daisies and violets on each still grave;
And from the waiting Heaven starry eyes keep
Watch o'er their dreamless rest through the long sleep.

Oh when our turn shall come, and the church bell
Shall toll for us slowly the funeral knell;
When meekly the pale hands are crossed on the breast,
God grant us a quiet place for our last rest;
Like that where our Fathers slumber so still,—
Like the old Burying Ground over the hill.

Anthem by the Choir.

Benediction.

After these exercises were closed, a procession was formed of those holding tickets to the dinner, which marched to the ample tent, located in front of the church in West street, in which plates had been set for sixteen hundred people, by John Johnson, Esq., of Boston.

Although there had been much rain during the day, nearly all the seats at the table were occupied, and the interest which had been manifested from the commencement of the day, seemed in no wise abated. After order was secured, a blessing was asked by the Chaplain.

The following Ode, by Wm. C. Bryant, Esq., designed to be sung at the opening of the table exercises, was necessarily omitted, it being past three o'clock.

Two hundred times has June renewed
  Her roses, since the day
When here, amid the lonely wood,
  Our fathers met to pray.

Beside this gentle stream, that strayed
  Through pathless woodlands then,
The calm, heroic women prayed,
  And grave, undaunted men.

Hymns on the ancient silence broke
  From hearts that faltered not,
And undissembling lips that spoke
  The free and guileless thought.

They prayed, and thanked the Mighty One
  Who made their hearts so strong,
And led them towards the setting sun,
  Beyond the reach of wrong.

For them He made that desert place
  A pleasant heritage,—
The cradle of a free-born race
  From peaceful age to age.

The plant they set—a little vine—
Hath stretched its boughs afar,
To distant hills and streams that shine
Beneath the evening star.

Ours are their fields,—these fields that smile
With summer's early flowers:
Oh, let their fearless scorn of guile,
And love of truth, be ours! *(By permission.)*

Before the dinner was quite through with, the president of the day, Hon. Erastus Hopkins, announced that as Gov. Banks must necessarily retire at this hour, he would anticipate the order of proceedings and present the following sentiment:—

The State of Massachusetts, the parent that created, fostered and protects our towns; first on this continent, in the cause of sound religion, solid piety, civil liberty, untiring industry, and first in the hearts of her children. God save the Commonwealth!

Hon. N. P. Banks responded and was greeted by the vast assembly with three hearty cheers. He spoke nearly as follows:—

I thank you for the hearty sentiment given in favor of the Commonwealth. I am glad to be present to-day and participate in this occasion, and learn of the early history of the founding of this town. Hadley is distinguished by a noble avenue of trees, as I had occasion to notice upon a former visit, and this street, of ample width, lined with rows of beautiful trees, speaks a volume as to the character of the early settlers. Roads and highways are the pioneers of civilization, they give an idea of the character of the settlers. On arriving in your beautiful town on a former occasion, I remember, I instinctively stopped, alighted from the carriage and walked beneath the overhanging boughs. In nothing is the march of that element in human affairs shown more than in the highways its constructs. And in your case there is ample evidence that there was no lack of that element in the character of your ancestors. Massachusetts owes more to the citizens of the towns for her prosperity than to any other cause. He felt indebted for an opportunity to be present, and closed with the following sentiment:

The Town of Hadley.—May the great faith and unexampled strength of its founders, as certainly stimulate the people to perpetuate its prosperity and happiness, as they will furnish a wise and patriotic example to other towns of this ancient commonwealth.

The afternoon being now well advanced, the Governor and Council were obliged to leave in order to reach the train in season for their return homeward. The regular exercises were then continued.

Introductory remarks of the President of the Day—ERASTUS HOPKINS, Esq., of Northampton.

Through the partiality of the people of Hadley, I have been honored with the duty of representing them on this occasion, so full of historic interest. In their name and behalf I cordially welcome this vast assembly of her guests who, at her bidding, have assembled around this festive board. Filled with fraternal feelings to each other, we are here assembled to review the history and to honor the memory of our fathers. And the citizens of Hadley feel proud, this day, in beholding this response of your presence to their invitation. You alike honor the living and the dead. I rejoice in Hadley as my birth place. And this joy, with its accompanying gratitude, is only increased as years roll on, and knowledge of the world is enlarged. Travel and observation in other parts of our own, and in foreign lands, are required to appreciate fully, or even approximately, the blessing of such a birth place. No where on the face of the wide earth can communities be found, composed almost exclusively of mere laborious tillers of the soil, which, in point of esthetic beauty, wide spread intelligence, and independent thrift can compare with the communities inhabiting this town of Hadley and its sister towns of Massachusetts, on the banks of the noble Connecticut. This is my earnest, my deep felt conviction and belief, and should be the occasion of devout gratitude while it legitimately awakens a profound sense of responsibility.

Whatever else may occur to me to be said, I must confine myself to the official duty of introducing others to address you. But we are not to forget, while we indulge in our varied feelings of joy, and pride, and gratitude, that we are enjoying the labors of those who were, but are not, that we are here to cherish their virtues and to emulate their example.

I introduce the commemorative exercises of this occasion by the following sentiment which I request you to receive standing, and in silence:

The sacred memory of our Fathers.

This was received in silence, the assembled multitude all rising, and the band following with a dirge. Mr. Hopkins then rose and said that he was specially pleased with the delicate, just and touching al-

lusion made by the Orator of the day to the humble and unrecorded dead. The same sentiment had been most beautifully embodied in a communication which could be presented, at no time, so appropriately as at the present moment. He then read the following letter from Dr. Holland:

SPRINGFIELD, June 7, '59.

Erastus Hopkins, Esq.—Dear Sir:—You must know that the pulsation of the sheet of water at Hadley Falls shakes our doors and windows in the night. The effect of this pulsation is very peculiar upon some minds, and you will find below a record of its effect upon mine:

Heart of Hadley, slowly beating
Under midnight's azure breast,
Silence, thy strong pulse repeating,
Wakes me, shakes me from my rest.

Hark! a beggar at the basement!
Listen! friends are at the door!
There's a lover at the casement!
There are feet upon the floor!

But they knock with muffled hammers,
They step softly like the rain,
And repeat their gentle clamors
Till I sleep and dream again.

Still the knocking at the basement!
Still the rapping at the door!
Tireless lover at the casement—
Ceaseless feet upon the floor.

Bolts are loosed by spectral fingers;
Windows open through the gloom;
And the lilacs and seringas
Breathe their perfume through the room.

'Mid the odorous pulsations
Of the air around my bed,
Throng the ghostly generations
Of the long forgotten dead!

"Rise and write!" with voice united,
They command, and I obey;
And the message they indited
I transmit to you to-day.

"Children of the old plantation,
Heirs of all we won and held,

Give us grateful celebration—
Us, the nameless ones of eld.

We were never squires and teachers,
We were never wise and great;
But we listened to our preachers,
Worshipped God, and loved the State.

Blood of ours is on the meadow,
Dust of ours is in the soil;
But no tablet casts a shadow
Where we slumber from our toil.

Unremembered, unrecorded,
We are sleeping side by side;
And to names is now awarded,
That for which the nameless died.

We were men of humble station;
We were women pure and true;
And we served our generation,
Wrought and fought, and lived for you.

We were maidens! we were lovers!
We were husbands! we were wives!
But oblivion's mantle covers
All the sweetness of our lives.

Praise the men who ruled and led us;
Carry garlands to their graves;
But remember that your meadows
Were not planted by their slaves.

We were freemen; we were neighbors;
Each the minister of all;
And ye enter on our labors
As on theirs whose names ye call.

Children of the old plantation!
Heirs of all we won and held!
Greet us in your celebration—
Us, the nameless ones of eld."

This the message; and I send it,
Faithful to their sweet behest;
And my toast shall e'en attend it
To be read among the rest.

"*Fill to all the brave and blameless,*
Who, forgotten, passed away!
Drink the memory of the nameless,
Only named in Heaven to-day."

After the reading of the above, the President said that having acted in behalf of the people of Hadley, he would now assume the undelegated office of representing the guests and presenting a sentiment which the modesty of the committee of arrangements prohibited from the programme of regular toasts, to wit:—

The Hadley of the present day: beautiful in appearance; rich in associations; abundant in hospitality; worthy and honored heir of the homestead. Assembled at her bidding, around this ancestral hearth, we proclaim her Blessed.

Giles C. Kellogg, Esq. responded.

The Town of Hatfield: our first born and fairest daughter; the delight and honor of her mother—the heir and welcome rival of her thrift and beauty.

Rev. John M. Greene of Hatfield, replied. He said, though Hatfield had the honor of being the oldest child of Hadley, yet in truth she was born the same year with her mother. The first settlers from Hartford, Wethersfield and Windsor were fifty-three in number—forty-seven stopped in Hadley and six went over the river and settled in what is now Hatfield. It is not to be supposed that the most timid and irresolute would thus go away by themselves, and therefore we have proof that the first settlers of Hatfield were equally as enterprising and courageous as those who remained on this side of the river.

Hatfield grew rapidly; the land on Hadley street was divided into eight-acre lots, and when these had been taken they thought the whole of Hadley had been settled, and so pushed on to Hatfield, and in nine or ten years the population increased to about one hundred. They entered into a mutual agreement on the two sides of the river, by which Hatfield, having the grist-mill, should furnish the meal, and Hadley, having the meeting-house, should furnish the preaching. Soon Hatfield complained of the hardships attending her part of the bargain, but we have no record that Hadley ever complained of hers, and hence he concluded that they had better meal than preaching.

He alluded to witchcraft, and said there never was a case in Hatfield.* The discernment and good sense of the people were a sufficient barrier against it. In illustration he said that they have a story of this sort:—a man in Northampton had a pique against his neighbor and to get revenge came to Hatfield and told Mr. Partridge who held courts in Northampton, that his neighbor was a witch. Mr. P. listened to his whole story, and then replied, "I shall hold a court in

*Holland's "History of Western Mass., vol. II, page 145.

Northampton next Tuesday, bring on your case. Of course I shall convict the man. The sentence will be thirty-eight lashes, but one half of them will go to the complainant and those will be put on immediately." This is all that Hatfield had to do with witchery.

In conclusion he spoke of the distinguished men of Hatfield, Rev. William Williams, of whom President Chauncey, comparing him with Dr Stoddard, his contemporary in Northampton, said, "I believe him to have been the greater man;" of Dr. Lyman and others.

The Town of South Hadley; true to the memory of her mother; with a Lyon heart, she is peacefully solving the vexed problem of Woman's power and Woman's Rights. Her daughters will take care of themselves.

Dr. Kittridge of South Hadley, replied.

Mr. President:—I had expected, till this moment, to have responded only for Mount Holyoke Seminary, but I thank you in the name of the Seminary and of South Hadley, for the sentiment which is designed for both.

Sir, it is an honorable testimony you have given South Hadley—"that she is true to the character of her mother." Of this she may well be proud; for that mother was of puritan descent, and her character of puritan stamp;—benevolent, firm and independent, having its foundation in the principles of God's word.

You say, "she has a Lyon heart." Sir, she has a heart that beats firm and strong—which sends forth in every direction, to the remotest extremities,—life, health and vigor, for every good work. "South Hadley is true to the character of her mother."

But the sentiment is especially true in its application to Mount Holyoke Seminary. Sir, it is not in my power, nor will I attempt to describe the mighty intellect, and the great heart of that sainted *Mary Lyon*, who, with firm reliance upon God, and with a heart overflowing with benevolence to all his creatures, laid in *prayer*, in *tears*, and in *toil*, the foundation of that institution.

Mary Lyon has gone to her reward in heaven, but the heart of Mary Lyon is yet there. Her spirit and principles have never ceased to control her successors. In their system and instruction, their aim has uniformly been, to educate the *intellect*, the *heart*, the *whole woman;* to develope *all* her faculties, and prepare her for the realities of life—for her highest usefulness and happiness.

Year by year, for more than twenty years, has that institution been sending forth her daughters on errands of mercy. They have gone

into all parts of the world, carrying with them, and imparting to others, the habits and principles in which they have been educated. The influence they have exerted for the cause of education, science, morality and religion, can never be estimated.

How well they have succeeded in solving the vexed problem of Woman's Power, and Woman's Rights,—let the light and joy, the peace, purity and love, diffused by them in families and schools, in the chambers of sickness, in the abodes of poverty, wretchedness and ignorance; yea, in all the circles in which they have moved and have made happy—let these testify. And may the time never come when the spirit of Mary Lyon shall cease to characterize that institution, which has been thus consecrated to sound learning and religion, nor when her daughters shall cease to go forth and bless the world.

"Then Abraham fell upon his face and laughed, and said in his heart, shall a child be born unto him that is a hundred years old—and shall Sarah that is ninety years old bear?"

The Town of Amherst, incorporated 1759; the child of our old age, deemed of doubtful intellect, and therefore sent to College; we rejoice in its eminent learning, and feel a maternal pride in its noble contributions to literature, science and religion.

Hon. Edward Dickinson of Amherst, responded as follows:—

Mr. President:—I thank you, in behalf of the people of Amherst, for the kind notice you have taken of us in the sentiment just announced. The present occasion, which is bi-centennial to you, is unicentennial to us. It is one hundred years since our separation from you. We rejoice to join you in celebrating this jubilee, on the boundary line between the centuries. And first of all, we should render devout thanks to Almighty God, for our ancestry: that the kingdoms of the Old World were sifted to procure the seed to plant this continent; that the purest of that seed was sown in this beautiful valley; that we are of its product; that the blood of the Puritans flows in our veins. "We are bone of your bone, and flesh of your flesh," and while we are not now embraced in the same municipal government, yet our interests are largely identical, and our relations closely intermingled. We separated from you, from no want of domestic harmony, but because we wanted more room.

We left you in possession of the gardens, and meadows, and by the side of our beautiful river; and removed to the plains, and swamps, and hill-sides; and for a long period, were sportively called "New Swampers," from a brook of that name, which skirted the

western limits of our territory. This is our first public return to the old homestead, and you will ask us how we have spent the first century of our childhood; and we will answer briefly. We have cleared the forests, drained the swamps, and improved and fertilized and beautified our fields and hills. In 1735, we were permitted, by vote of Hadley, to become a "Precinct," then called the Third or East Precinct, and to enjoy certain quasi-municipal rights and privileges, on condition that we should build a meeting-house, and *hire* a minister. Accordingly in the warrant, issued in "*His Majesty's name*," calling the first meeting to organize the Precinct, by the choice of the proper officers, was a clause to make provision for a meeting-house and a minister. Again, in 1754, when, by the incorporation of South Hadley into a town, we became elevated to the dignity of the *Second Precinct*, the warrant by which the inhabitants were summoned to organize the Second Precinct, called for action in reference to the support of a minister. And also in 1759, when our territory was set off into a district or town, the warrant for organization required action for the sustaining of a permanent ministry, and providing for a house of worship. We complied, most cheerfully, with this condition of our emancipation, and since you allowed us to pass out of your tutilage, we have scrupulously obeyed your injunction to provide for the meeting-house, and to support the minister.

We next opened common schools. Then established an Academy, and as we increased in knowledge and enterprise, with the aid of a generous public, we founded a College, by which the material interests of our region have been greatly improved: in the analysis of the soil, and the application of science to practical husbandry, and the useful arts. We have here educated men for teachers, and for usefulness and honor in the learned professions; but more especially, and above all other objects, have we been preparing good men, (amongst the most distinguished of whom is the orator of the day,) to diffuse the knowledge of Christian truth at home and abroad, and to carry back to the nations from whom we sprang, the seed raised by us, therewith to replant and invigorate them, and thus fulfil the high and solemn and sublime mission of our country to restore to the old world, in all their purity, the principles of truth and a living faith, which have laid the foundations of our own national prosperity.

It only remains to us to inspire those who succeed us, with the love of that truth, and that faith, and an earnest desire to transmit to their descendants, to the latest generation, those principles of vir-

tue and true religion, which in all past ages, have tended to promote material and intellectual and moral progress. Allow me to offer the following sentiment:—

Old Hadley and her daughters; may they ever maintain and cherish the principles which have made them what they now are.

The Town of Granby—our only grand-daughter; though she is modest and coy, hiding behind the mountain, she cannot escape observation. Our eyes rest with fondness on her beauty, and our ears delight in the sound of her *Mills*.

Rev. Mr. Mills of Granby, responded.

Amherst College; above the valleys of the old world, frowning castles stand as sentinels; above ours, the smiling halls of learning and piety.

To this sentiment, President Stearns being called upon, briefly responded: He began by relating an anecdote suggested to him by the preceding sentiment, in which the old mother town seemed to reflect rather seriously upon the "intellect" of one of her offspring, the child of her hundredth year. An aged clergyman, somewhere near Boston, who was somewhat of a bishop in his day, and not as greatly distinguished for the grace of meekness as Moses used to be in the Primer, preached one Sabbath very eloquently upon the control of the temper. The next day his butcher called upon him with a formidable meat-bill, which the good old gentleman disputed with considerable passion. It was now the butcher's turn to be angry. "Dr. ——," said he, "ain't you a pretty fellow to *preach* all day yesterday, 'he that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city,'—and now you are as *mad* as you can live, because you have got to pay an honest bill." The Doctor drew himself up with the proud dignity which belonged to him, and which was made formidable by his full-bottomed wig, and said, "Sir, it is the experience of our infirmities which enables us properly to rebuke the sins of the people." Now, sir, if what was intimated of "the doubtful intellect," which was "therefore sent to college," is true, it cannot be denied that the experience of infirmities may have conduced to improvement, in the case of Amherst.

Take an instance. In 1735, it was voted, by the precinct which afterwards became the town of Amherst, and this remark is no disparagement to my fellow citizens, for the town was a part of Hadley, then, "to heire a menester half a yeare and to build a meating-house, forty-five foots in length and thirty-five in bredth." Here is a slight infirmity in the matter of orthography, to be sure. But on the very spot

where that m-e-a-t meeting-house was erected, afterwards called meeting-house hill, stands the college. Near that spot Noah Webster, who was the first president of the corporation of the college, and labored much to give it being, spent twelve years of his valuable life, on that immortal thesaurus of English words and definitions, Webster's Dictionary, which can never cease to be a monument of glory to its author, his country and the English tongue.

He could not say that such marked progress, connected with old Meeting-house Hill, now called "College Hill," had been manifested in *every* other respect. It appears that one John Nash was hired by the town to "sound ye kunk," or blow the conch-shell, for calling the people together on the Sabbath. Though good bells have long since taken the place of the conch—yet they do say that sounds very similar to conch shell's have sometimes been heard on week-days, from that very spot, down to a recent period, though he should not think of paying John Nash or any other John for making them, unless it was by allowing him a short vacation, perhaps, into the country.

So much for "the child born unto him that is a hundred years old." It was time to pay his respects to the pleasant sentiment which had more directly summoned him to respond.

He began now to learn one thing which was, at first, a puzzle to him. On receiving a polite note of invitation from "the Committee," he learned from the circular which accompanied it, that the persons who were especially expected to attend this anniversary were "all connected lineally or by affinity," with the original settlers or the earlier inhabitants of the town. Now though he had always respected old Hadley, and more and more since he came into her neighborhood,—yet how to make out a title by "lineage or affinity," to a welcome on this occasion—"there was the rub." He remembered to have had some acquaintance with the Honorable President of the day, when they were both boys in Phillips Academy—but this seemed rather a weak peg to hang a claim upon. He thought, however, that on the score of lineage, he might be able through that same president, (Hon. Erastus Hopkins,) to make out a case. On looking into Holland's History of Western Massachusetts—that same Holland to whose beautiful poem we had all just listened with so much admiration—he had discovered that Dr. Emmons of Franklin, married for his second wife, Miss Martha Williams, the step-daughter of Rev. Samuel Hopkins of Hadley—our president's noble grandfather, —and that the same Dr. Emmons married Miss Deliverance French, my grandfather's sister, for his first wife.

But lineage and affinity apart, he could not deny that he felt a deep and growing interest in old Hadley, and especially of late. That "tall broom-corn" which was "a warrior born," and which had been so poetically and charmingly described to-day, had attracted his attention. And as a proof of it and of his good feelings for Hadley, he would here state that the College had just appointed a new Professor —who might not inaptly be designated Professor of Brooms and Brushes. Now do not suppose, he said, that the design of this arrangement was to clean us up—for we trust you will suppose that we were clean enough before. What, then, was the object of this new foundation? Surely enough, what could it be but to encourage the culture of that splendid crop which he had often seen, waving in the breeze, for acres together, like seas of fire, as he had ridden by—so that the Hadley farmers need not be constrained to sacrifice their luxuriant and lovely meadows to the growth of a narcotic, which never did much good to a college, whether in the line of cleanliness or of morals.

But you were pleased to speak, Mr. President, he continued, of "the smiling halls of learning and piety, which stand as sentinels above your valley." As long as they stand there, we trust the "frowning castles of the old world" which you brought into contrast with them, will never be needed for the defence of the people. Letters, science, religion—they are more powerful than military strategy, bayonet and cannon. It is the glory of the old Hadley towns to have ushered into being two institutions of world-wide reputation and influence. One of them is that beautiful flower, which has grown up so luxuriantly on the other side of the mountains—the queen of schools of the kind, of which it might be said, "many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all." The other is Amherst College. And what are the Halls of Amherst but clusters of a vine which is an offsett from the Old Hadley stock. He would not, however, attribute too much to Hadley or to the Hadley Towns, not even to the child "of doubtful intellect," which was "therefore sent to college." Amherst College is the offspring of the religious and educational sentiment of middle and western Massachusetts. It was taking no credit to himself to say that this alma mater of piety and learning had many noble sons, ministers, missionaries, statesmen, teachers and others scattered all over the world. It had large means and appliances for intellectual incitement, expansion and discipline. Its progress, for the time, as an educational institution, had been almost unparalleled. But it still has its wants; especially it wants,

and is hoping to obtain, those means for physical training which will enable it to unite in its students the stalwart forms of those who till the soil, with the intellectual power of the truest scholars.

In conclusion, he would say nothing boastfully of the College, but he would say to the old Hadley towns, and to all the towns surrounding, and to whoever might be pleased to give them their confidence, send us your sons, the marble from your quarries, in the rough, and our sculptors, with all the great examples of the past before them, and noble ideals of excellence within them, shall hew and hammer and chisel, and form and shape and mould the not indocile material, working on for four years, steadily and earnestly, day in and day out, till in the end, when the inspiration of the Almighty had given it understanding, they shall start forth upon the world, the living statue, standing up in the full proportions of its manhood, an Edwards or a Huntington.

Rev. John Russell—the first minister of Hadley who, fearing God rather than man, braved all personal perils in his care of trembling fugitives from tyranny.

The Hon. Judge Russell, being called upon by the President, responded substantially as follows :—

Your President, who generally forgets nothing, has forgotten the ancient reputation of Hadley. Your good town is famous for its hospitality to judges; but that hospitality was shown, not by calling them out, but by keeping them quiet. I cannot trace my descent from John Russell. If I had the ingenuity of President Stearns, I would go cousining as he did, for I should be proud if I could claim as my ancestor, that noble old Puritan who dared to shelter the men who came to his home with a King's blood on their hands, and the Avenger of Blood on their track. My fathers never saw Hadley meadows. If they had, they never would have settled down on the barren sands of Plymouth. You, Mr. President, had so much difficulty in finding any descendants of your old pastor, that I began to fear he was like that famous Irishman, who said it was hereditary in his family not to have any children. Some of those descendants have been found, and you are glad to welcome them here. But they cannot claim that honor alone. Wherever there is a man who loves liberty and hates tyranny, and will hide the outcast that flies from oppression,—there is a descendant of John Russell,—there is a child of the Puritan Fathers. That lineage I claim by this right.

You have alluded to my descent from Miles Standish,—a man famous in his day as the sword of Plymouth Colony. But such is the power of poetic genius, that he is likely to be remembered chiefly as the man who was so foolish as to do his love-making by proxy. I hasten to assure you all that this is not "hereditary in the family," nor practiced in the Old Colony. We never had any witchcraft there in old times; but there is a witchcraft, in which we fully believe, and of which some of you must be the victims to-day.

I should not have dared to intrude upon this Thanksgiving Dinner of the great Hadley Family, if I had not been a young branch of that old Plymouth stock. But we love to boast of Plymouth Rock as the "primitive formation" of the continent, and if Professor Hitchcock doesn't think the joke too old, he would perhaps remind me that each man who pushed his way a hundred miles into the wilderness, might claim to be ranked as a boulder.

Your poet has referred most appropriately to the graves of your ancestors "over the hill," which you can visit with pride and admiration. Not so can we visit the graves of the Pilgrim Fathers, who died in that first sad winter after their landing. For, as you all know, the survivors leveled those graves and sowed them with grain, so that the Indians should not count the number of the dead. They sowed them with grain; but the product of that mournful sowing was more precious far than golden grain or than California gold. The tree of civil and religious liberty springs from those graves. Even now its branches spread from sea to sea; and its leaves are for the healing of the nations. They talk of raising a Pilgrim Monument at Plymouth; but your fathers and mine are not without a memorial. The fertile meadows, the thriving towns of this happy valley; the wealth of our crowded cities; the comfort of our peaceful villages; the science of our colleges; the intelligence, liberty, morality and progress that make old Massachusetts first among Christian Commonwealths,—these are the enduring monument of the Puritans. Let these answer every charge that can be brought against them. We need not deny their faults; we need not apologize for them. "Bigoted and fanatical" they are called. We can believe it. These are faults of human nature and of their age. But when we remember the toils of our fathers, and reap the fruits of those toils, we might tremble, if they could be allowed to live again freed from the imperfections, with which their memory is reproached. We may doubt whether any men but fanatics would have left their pleas-

ant homes for this howling wilderness; we may well doubt whether, without bigotry, they would not have lost something of their stubborn virtue. When we judge the Puritans by what they have done for us, we shall be ready to thank God that he made them just as he did make them,—with all their glorious virtues, with all their heroic faults. There have been men of more refined taste than those, who shed their blood at Turner's Falls, or Bloody Brook, or Hadley Meadows; there have been men of more graceful speech than those who sunk beneath the frosts at Plymouth; there have been men of more pleasing manners, of more enlarged views; but *they* have no New England for their monument.

It would be well if those who have learned to censure the errors of the Puritans, would imitate their virtues. Remember that to those virtues not yet quite forgotten, we owe the prosperity of New England. Her wealth comes not from her soil or her climate, but from the qualities of mind and heart transmitted from the Puritans. They came to found a Christian State; their example, their honored memories have saved and blessed the state. And if luxury and vice, corruption, servility and unbelief should prevail through the land, we should almost expect to see the grand old regicide, coming not now from his hiding-place at the parsonage, but from his resting-place in the grave, to drive back these unhallowed invaders from the soil which they pollute. Let me give you as a closing sentiment:

The Virtues of our Fathers—As your Mountains guard the peaceful meadows at their base, so do Puritan principles guard the happy homes of New England. May those principles be honored, as long as Holyoke lifts its summit toward the clouds, as long as the Connecticut rolls its waters to the sea.

The Orator of the Day; may his active life find solace and vigor, and may his age reap the fruits of serenity and peace, amid the placid retirements of his native Elm valley.

Prof. Huntington replied as follows:—

Mr. President:—When one is called up by somebody's grandson, it is perfectly fair to make use of the grandfather as an assistance in getting down. And so, sir, when I remember how much you all had of me before dinner, and what you may be likely to say when you see me at it again, and what the natural effects of a dinner are, I resort to an anecdote, which I flatter myself you will pronounce a very pertinent one, as suggesting a good reason why I should be let off with a short speech. The good Dr. Hopkins had it among his other magnanimous traits, that he was willing to tell a joke at his own expense. He used to say that on one of his Sunday exchanges at

Northampton, he was invited to dine with "Squire Strong," afterwards Governor Strong, and that when Mrs. Strong offered the Doctor a plate of pudding, he declined it, with the remark that pudding was apt to make him dull in the pulpit; whereupon Mr. Strong turned to him and said in a subdued voice, "Doctor, didn't you have pudding for breakfast?"

Mr. President, the company here seem to like that story so well, I will tell them another. One day, as Doctor Hopkins said, he called on a young man in his parish who had been some time out of health, and, after improving the occasion by some serious and condoling reflections, observed to him, "Well, my young friend, it is now a long time since you were able to come to meeting with us; I think I must bring you one of my sermons and read it to you." "Ah," replied the reprobate, "I wish you would, Doctor, for I haven't had a wink of sleep since I was taken down!"

Now, after sitting and standing out that two hours' discourse of the morning,—which, after all, Sir, considering all its accompaniments and episodes you cannot fairly call a very *dry* performance,—you may likely enough have supposed I was laid safely away for this occasion; very much as her neighbors fret about the vexatious witch, Moll Webster, when she *seemed* to expire, and doomed to be disappointed, too, as they were. The account runs that after her apparent release, as the funeral bearers, not very heavy at heart, but with all the solemn proprieties of the custom, were carrying her into the graveyard, some mis-step brought the bier with a jar against the gate-post. At this, a sharp voice, with a very characteristic accent, was heard inside the coffin, objecting to the whole proceeding. The resuscitated lady was taken out and walked home. Some time after, the same scene was repeated; when, as the procession reached the gate, a sober and prudent neighbor stepped rapidly up and said to the bearers,—"Take care, there! Don't hit that gate-post this time!"

The friendly sentiment which you have been pleased to connect with me just now, Sir, alludes to the "placid retirement" of Old Hadley. That is all very well indeed; that is just what I, for one, love Elm Valley for;—but I can't help wondering, whether, when you got up that toast, there wasn't just the least possible gleam of the grand-parental humor and mischief, in the Presidential eye—as much as to say, "Hadley is exceedingly lovely, and serene, and all that, but a little slow: the enterprise we keep over our side of the river." And there is something in it. You have been a little smarter than we have, ever since you got the Court House. But lest pride should wax too complacent on that point, I will venture to repeat a tradition which I picked up last winter from some one hereabouts—I think it was Deacon Stockbridge. According to that, when the commissioners came up to determine which should be the shire town, they visited Hatfield, Hadley and Northampton, and after an impartial examination reported, in substance, that they considered the holding of courts and trials in any place as dangerous to its morals and manners, bringing in much idle company and loose gossip; that

they had found the Hatfield people very virtuous, and the Hadley people very industrious; but when they came to Northampton, the people appeared to be neither remarkably virtuous nor industrious; and they would therefore recommend that the courts be held at Northampton! My private opinion is that this extract from our unwritten annals wants confirmation.

It has been good for old Hadley, to-day, to hear her children give so handsome an account of themselves, and of *their* children. Particularly pleased is she with her two *educational* grand-children, of opposite sexes, at Amherst and South Hadley, so admirably sustaining the culture not only of the *brain*, but of the *heart*. It is firmly believed, you know, that the interposition of a strip of mountain wall between these two young cousins—whether that was prudently arranged by the old lady, or whether the coy girl hid herself behind Holyoke and Bachelor's Brook, from maidenly reserve,—has not been utterly fatal to a confidential communication, and that, as sometimes happens in other cases of a suitable nearness of age and station, the mere trifling circumstance of a cousinship has not proved an absolutely insuperable barrier to the growth of more romantic relations.

A brave voice from Hatfield, too, defends the character of the sensible, steady-going farmers who did not like too much navigation on Sundays, and were shy of witchcraft. As to the first of these matters, the living representation of the Hatfield pulpit we have had today amply justifies the preference of the people there for choosing their own preaching; as to the other, there is, I believe after all, an unfortunate suggestion in the books that our Hadley witchcraft was somehow started by a certain young woman in Hatfield. But that is no matter. What care we now whether there were more witches here or there? especially delicate is the question, when we come to the witchcraft of young women. Why, Sir, only a quarter of a century ago, or thereabouts, I remember I used to think there were five witches of that sort all the way from "Major Smith's" to "Spruce Hill."

President Stearns has given us some striking reasons, in specimens of the spelling of the Amherst Records, why distinguished literary advantages should have been conferred on Amherst, as they were. In the very order he refers to, for organizing a Parish in that eastern precinct, if I remember rightly, the first member of the compound word "Meeting-house" was spelt M-e-a-t-i-n-g. Happy and significant blunder! If it contained an unconscious prophecy, that prophecy has not to our day failed of its fulfilment. "Strong meat" still nourishes the families of the First Parish in Amherst, and it is dispensed in a liberal, unsuspicious, fraternal spirit. Let me conclude, Sir, with speaking an honored, illustrious and venerable name,—honored in all this town and county, illustrious for many generations throughout the land, venerable for lofty services rendered to Learning, to the State, and to the Church,—the name of DWIGHT.

The town of Northampton; it clasps hands with us across the dividing waters, thus forming the connecting link between the natural divisions of our county. Though the palpable connection may be interrupted for a season, there are less palpable ties that neither time nor force can sunder.

The Rev. Gordon Hall of Northampton, replied as follows :—

I am called upon, it seems, to represent on this occasion the town of Northampton "clasping hands with Hadley across the dividing waters." I have sometimes represented the fellowship of Churches by giving the right hand to a ministerial brother. But to take the shape of a town, and give a town's right hand to another town, and that across the Connecticut river, is quite a different affair. This however, I am pledged to do by the sentiment to which I speak. "Northampton clasps hands with Hadley across the dividing waters;" —and I am to represent Northampton—all its good, respectable people—its farmers, merchants, lawyers, physicians, all trades and professions, and ladies too, I suppose, as well as gentlemen. So, good friends of Hadley, please to understand that I gather the hands of all these my town's-people into one great hand, and reach it across the Connecticut, taking hold of the great hand of Hadley with a cordial greeting.

I have been thinking whether I could claim any relationship to Hadley. Occasionally, you know, it is quite an object to make out relationship. When my Uncle or Cousin becomes wealthy or renowned I am quite happy to claim connection with him. To-day the town of Hadley seems to be in very high repute, riding in her triumphal chariot, with a goodly procession for her retinue. We are all here to glorify Hadley I suppose, or to be glorified on account of some connection with her. So that we all feel a little Hadleyish, without doubt. Now I am one of the unfortunate number who cannot succeed in tracing any of my ancestors to this honored place. I do not find that either of the "Three Brothers" to whom, of course, my pedigree reaches back, and who "came over in the Mayflower," ever settled in Hadley. But I do not wholly give up the case on this account. For, by affinity I am related to a man who, some years ago, married a Hadley lady. And furthermore, I am settled though not exactly in Hadley, yet next to it; so I came, as you see, very near being a native of Hadley. On these grounds, not to detain you with farther particulars, I file my claim for a small dividend of the glory of this illustrious day.

I have no doubt of the good feeling between the towns of Hadley and Northampton. I do not see the necessity of asserting it. But it seems to be the way sometimes to tell how much we love one another—to make a declaration. So we do protest, and would have it published to "all whom it may concern" that we are on the most friendly terms and clasp hands across the river with a right hearty good-will.

In the sentiment by which I am guided allusion is made to the river as a line of division or separation. But we "clasp hands across

it." Between us the Connecticut is no unfriendly barrier. Indeed water is conceded to be one of the very best conductors; and who doubts that the pulse beating on either side is felt upon the other? Who, when referring to the Connecticut valley, thinks of the river as divorcing one part from the other? Who does not rather think of the meadows collectively as one rich carpet or dress, and the river winding through it, as a thread of beauty? And the bridge is like the clasp of a lady's girdle; which giving way and disappearing, it reveals that above and below are only parts of one whole, the unity of which is more clearly disclosed. In fact, before the failure of this "palpable connection," we hardly knew how much we loved one another, and how intimate were our relations. Northampton found she could not do without Hadley. Hadley could not do without Northampton. So, at once, we set a boat plying as a shuttle between us and weaving the bonds of connection still more closely. I do not believe our merchants were aware before how much they loved their Hadley customers; or our lawyers, how much they loved their Hadley clients: or our physicians, their Hadley patients. Now that the bridge has been carried away, and communication made more difficult, we ascertain how deep, vital, practical was the interest which survived the crash of material structures.

And this brings me to the concluding feature of my sentiment which speaks of "ties less palpable and stronger, that neither time nor force can sunder." Now waiving all pleasantry and trifling, this language expresses a profound and precious truth. We *are* united by the ties of a common Puritan ancestry, and by historic associations in common. In colonial times and in days of peril by the Red Man, our fathers were one in their privations and struggles. Our fathers were of one heart in the days of Goffe and Whalley, when the Rev. Mr. Russell of Hadley was so recreant to "the lower law," and so "confounded Religion and Politics" as to harbor the Regicides in the ministerial mansion. Our fathers stood together in the Revolutionary conflict. We are one in a common education, a common religious faith, a common heritage of principles, interests and sympathy, one in hope and aim for our country and the world. And we will continue one in opposition to vice, error and wrong. I think were it announced in any new settlement, that two immigrants had arrived, one brought up in Hadley the other in Northampton, the presumption would be that the two men were much the same in principles and spirit. The sons of Hadley and of Northampton, wherever scattered, shall be found on the same side of great vital questions, doing battle for truth, righteousness and freedom, for God and humanity.

Yes, there are ties unseen but potent which bind us together. And if there be a soul here to-day who has aught other feeling than that of friendship, union and beneficent co-operation, he stands rebuked by yonder generous meadows, which lie together so peacefully and lovingly. But by a voice higher and more impressive he stands

rebuked—by that voice which bids us love our neighbors as ourselves; and which bids all the friends of truth and righteousness be of one mind in resisting the leagued forces of evil.

The Orator of the Day has compared the valley spread out between us to the "land of Beulah." I well remember, as I was riding, one Sabbath morning, across these meadows, and feasting myself with the prospect which lay stretching out Northward and Southward and all around me, how forcibly the thought pressed upon my mind, if God has made a world so lovely for a race of sinners, what will that "New Earth" be wherein shall dwell righteousness. We will think of this our beautiful valley as like the land of Beulah. And, God helping us, we will work together to make it like the fair fields of the Blest—like the Paradise above, in the midst of which is the River, and on either side the Tree of Life, whose fruit is perennial and whose leaves are for the healing of the nations.

The early Clergy of New England: the faithful Pastors of willing Flocks; in whose every "crook" there was virtue and strength.

Prof. W. C. Fowler, late of Amherst, now of Connecticut, being called upon by the President, said:—

Mr. President, the scenes witnessed here to day, and the word spoken, have carried my mind two hundred years into the past, so that I need to pause for it to come back, before I can say anything appropriate to the present moment.

The clergy to a large extent derive their character from the people to whom they minister. Good people are very apt to have good clergymen. And who were the first settlers of Hadley? They, at least a prominent portion of them, came from England first to Massachusetts, then to Connecticut, and then to Hadley, with minds enlarged by experience in the mother country and in two colonies, and thus qualified to lay the foundation of a new settlement. And why did they emigrate to Hadley? They came to Hadley under the same impulse which brought them first from England, then from Massachusetts to Connecticut, namely, that strong sense of religious obligation which was the master passion of their lives.

When the first colony went from Massachusetts to Rhode Island under the lead of the banished Roger Williams, it was said that they left Massachusetts because they were too bad to be kept in it. When the "goodly company" under the lead of Thomas Hooker, "the light of the western churches," went from Massachusetts to Connecticut, it was said that they left Massachusetts because they were too good to stay in it. Whether this antithesis was uttered seriously or jocosely, it might with equal propriety be said, that the first settlers of Hadley returned to Massachusetts, because they were too good to stay in Connecticut. Thus England was first sifted, and then Massachusetts was sifted; and then Connecticut was sifted for the good wheat to be sown in Hadley. And this good seed was sown upon good ground, and brought forth seed abundantly after its kind. Cuba tobacco,

when sown in the valley of the Connecticut, may degenerate, but not the people. And why not the people? Because they placed themselves from the first under the conservative power of the institutions of religion. The Rev. Mr. Russell, Governor Webster, Elder Goodwin and others sought not political power, for themselves or a party, not nuggets of gold, but what they deemed a "faith's pure shrine." Their religious principles were inculcated from the pulpit and transmitted to others.

Mr. President, the ministers of Hadley in the first century, or in the language of the resolution "the early clergy, were faithful pastors;" and one reason why Russell, and Chauncey, and Williams. and your ancestor, Hopkins of the first church, and Atherton, and my ancestor, Chauncey, and Williams, of the second church, and Parsons, of the third church, were "faithful pastors," was that they had each of them, in the language of the resolution, "willing flocks." The pastor and his flock felt that they were united together for time and for eternity. The flock instead of diffusing their reward and love upon a pope and cardinals, and bishops, and rectors and curates, concentrated them upon the man of their own choice. And the pastor instead of considering his settlement in one parish as a stepping-stone to something higher, made up his mind from the first, to live and die with his people. And when in a mutually confiding spirit he spoke the truth in love, and "ruled with diligence," there was virtue and strength in his "crook." But if that crook in the hand of a bishop should become a crosier, it would lose its virtue and strength.

The early inhabitants of Hadley sought for a desirable locality, and here they found it. They found it here on these alluvial formations which contained the elements of fertility stored up by the provident hand of nature for their use. They found it here in the presence of the crowned monarch of the mountains. They found it here on the banks of the noble river which lingers to clasp, in its genial embrace, those fair meadows before it passes on to the ocean. They found it here where they could thank God in their daily devotions that the "lines had fallen to them in pleasant places."

But the early pastors and their flocks were pilgrims on the earth who were seeking a "better, even a heavenly country." I see them, like the elders who through faith obtained a good report, moving on in their pilgrimage in "long procession calm and thoughtful" towards the city of the great king—I see them like a great cloud of witnesses, looking down upon us here assembled, in a filial spirit to do them honor, and saying to us with parental yearnings, "come up hither."

In response to a call of the President, Judge James B. Colt said:

Mr. President,—It was my good fortune to be among the invited guests of this occasion. I do not know but I would have come without it. I am sure those whom misfortune or forgetfulness prevented from being present here to-day, have lost much, both of interest and of instruction, in not being permitted to behold this glorious scene.

Many generations are here represented. It is not a Legislature planning laws for good government; it is not a Congress, pregnant with great resolution to redress wrongs committed, and to build up a new nation, but it is a fair and brilliant collection of the descendants of those pioneers of labor and principle, who subdued the forest, established Government and Religion, to the end of promoting their interest and happiness, and that of their posterity. We, their posterity, raise our voices in commendation of their fidelity and heroism. We are to-day enjoying the fruits of their glorious labors. Two centuries have passed away since they first pitched their tents here; and now, while I am speaking, in presence of this assemblage, six generations of spirits are hovering around us. Behold them—each seeking for its temporal relation, in myriads, as we see in some old life-breathing canvas, they wander about us. They do not speak but in influence, as spirits only can influence. They guide the heart to renewed devotion, and make the head clear for renewed conflict. They are our monitors, our guiding stars, both for this and the life to come. Long may we live to respect the devotion and heroism of the departed, and be guided by their counsels.

But I will not trespass upon the province of the able speakers who have so eloquently discharged the offices of the day. I am but "a looker on here in Vienna." Though for many years a resident of a new home many hundred miles from here, I do feel a deep and an abiding interest in my father's native town. As I love and revere his memory, so must I cherish the sacred spot where first his eye beheld the glorious sun. I must love the old house where he was born, the old meadows where, in boyhood, "he drove" his "team afield"—the old spot where the school house stood —the old church—and the old burying ground, sanctified and made holy by a thousand recollections of the descendants of those who lie buried there. We cannot forget John Webster, the magistrate and fifth Governor of Connecticut; and the Rev. John Russell, of Wethersfield, who with his band of adventurers seeking a spot where they could enjoy the rights of conscience, were the first to pitch their tents in this beautiful valley. We cannot forget good old deacon Goodwin, who, upon Mount Holyoke fell a sacrifice to the tomahawk—the wars of king Philip—when two townsmen were killed—the number of Indians slain not known—nor the fact that the good old ladies of the time thought they were protected by the guardian Angel, who suddenly appeared in the streets of the town, among the soldiery "with strange manner and stranger garb." And who turned out to be in one sense a guardian Angel—for he so marshalled the little band of soldiers, as to make good their resistance to the savage foe who becoming intimidated, dispersed to the forest and were not heard of afterwards.

This strange spirit, this guardian angel proved to be no other than Major General Goffe, a soldier of Cromwell's army—the Regicide, one of the Judges of King Charles I, and who, fleeing from his pursuers, had found a hospitable asylum in good old Parson Russell's house, where it is said he was concealed for some fifteen years, and

then went away, no one knew where. We cannot forget all this, nor the spot where these scenes were enacted, nor would we, if we could.

Mr. President :—Now mark the contrast. Our ancestors not only planted here, but they scattered their seed upon the waters of civilized life. Scarcely a century and a quarter passes, with the fifth generation after the first settlement here, in the then wild wilderness, when the world beholds a new nation of three millions of free and independent people, born into life. It is a curious fact that while the question of recognizing the Independence of the United Colonies, was before Lord North, or the Marquis of Rockingham's administration, a sage member of the English Parliament, thought that the question of recognition a matter of no great importance. There were only about three millions of people in the whole country,—which was very unhealthy—with a very forbidding coast, and a very high mountain back, called the Alleghanies; and that from the nature of the poor lands, high mountain, inhospitable coast, sickly climate, the population, thought the English Parliamentarian, would never increase in number to be over three or three and a half millions; not much of a people to make a nation out of, and never one to become a rival or in any way formidable to the mother country.

Mr. President: go with me, sir, and stand upon some high peak of the Alleghany; let your mind pass over the coming century, and your eye behold the then condition of the Republic of the United States. As you face the South, your eye cannot see the Southern line still moving towards the equator or beyond it. Upon your left, a thousand cities teem with all the arts and sciences of civilization. And as you turn to your right, you behold almost as many States, filled with an enterprising, heroic population. The commerce of the Indies pours n upon us from the golden gates of the setting sun; the iron horse is in mastery, and lights up the night through his fiery nostrils. I speak not of the printing press, the steam plow, the reaper or the telegraph, nor the uprising of cities in that great trough of the Continent. The largest cities of antiquity have been inland cities. The inland commerce of a country is ten times as great as the external commerce, and must necessarily make cities in proportion. Behold, I say, this coming period, and as you stand upon that high peak, and as you look upon that glorious scene, raise your voice in praise of such an ancestry as have gone before us, and whom we are proud to venerate, and thank God, you are an American citizen.

Mr. President, with your permission, sir, I will give as a toast:

The two M's, Massachusetts and Missouri; their "Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

The Connecticut Valley; always considered staid and immovable, it now appears that she has all the while been making *tracks* for Amherst College.

Dr. Hitchcock of Amherst, was called upon to respond to this toast, but he having left the tent, and no one being found to do honor

to the sentiment, the President read the following letter from Judge S. F. Lyman of Northampton:—

Northampton, June 7, 1859.

Hon. E. Hopkins—*Dear Sir*:—I sincerely regret that official duty will prevent me from joining in the Hadley Celebration to-morrow. To show my presence in spirit and reverence for the occasion, —my sympathy with the living and my respect for the dead, I beg leave to offer you, as President of the festive board, the following sentiment:

Professor Hitchcock—*Interpreter of our sandstones—dear to our hearthstones.* His triumphant exercise of private judgment on our *elder Scriptures of Rock*, vindicates his lineal descent from the puritan pioneers of New England, who placed truth above tradition, and conscience next to God.

Respectfully Yours, &c.,

Sam'l F. Lyman.

The Missionary Pastor of Wisconsin: The plant of Christian Civilization, carried forth by a faithful Hadley Porter, has supplanted the "Green Bay trees," by the tree whose leaves are for the healing of the nations.

The Rev. Jeremiah Porter of Chicago, formerly of Green Bay, responded as follows:—

Feeling utterly unworthy the honor intended by the sentiment just read I am embarrassed in replying to it, and yet I must improve the opportunity to express my sincere delight in being permitted to meet, in these intensely interesting circumstances, my fellow townsmen, after an absence at the far west of twenty-eight years.

Though I find not here the fathers that I left in this my native village, never more beautiful than now, I rejoice to meet here so many of their surviving children, so many of our name still dwelling on the soil purchased by our ancestors two hundred years ago and which has never passed out of the family; to meet all the children of my own father and so many of his brother's children.

The facts in the history of Hadley so admirably presented by the Orator of the day have led me to contrast this good old town with one of the young towns of the west with which Providence has given me a peculiar interest, and which is now the home of so many of the sons and daughters of this place. Having been myself the first from thi stown to reside there and having witnessed its unexampled growth, I may be excused for presenting this contrast.

As the Rev. Mr. Russell came with a little church to take possession of this place sold to them by the retiring Indians, so the guiding hand of God led me to Chicago twenty-six years ago with a company of United States troops and the nucleus of a church. Twenty-six years ago this month it was my privilege to organize the First Church in that place, composed chiefly of New England men. The town, including the troops of Fort Dearborn, had a population of only three hundred. During that year, 1833, about five thousand Indians assembled at Chicago by proclamation of Governor G. B. Porter of

Michigan to make a treaty for the sale of their lands in Illinois, Wisconsin and Michigan. After weeks of deliberation and over persuasion, they relinquished four million acres of land for five million west of the Mississippi, and very reluctantly retired, receiving for a term of years an annuity of fifty thousand dollars. A tide of people at once set strongly toward Illinois, and Chicago received the multitude as it passed and retained its full proportion, so that now it has a population, of from one hundred thousand to one hundred and thirty thousand. Its *one original church of a quarter of a century in age* is surrounded by some sixty Protestant churches and about twenty Catholic.

It affords me peculiar pleasure as this contrast in the growth of this ancient and venerable town of my fathers' sepulchres and the young giant of the west, my present home, is so vividly before me; to say, that as Old Hadley sent to Chicago its earliest minister, except the Methodist pioneers, so it has sent many of the daughters of its late venerable Pastor, the Chaplain of this day, who with their husband, and brother and others from this quiet valley are now pillars in those churches, aiding to plant in that great city, whose growth has just begun, those institutions of learning, humanity and piety that were so early planted here and have made New England what it is.

While the sons and daughters of Hadley now residing in Chicago can never forget the sweet valley of their birth may they cherish most warmly the sentiments of their christian ancestors and leave as precious an inheritance to the city of their adoption.

May I propose as a sentiment the children of our venerable Chaplain, long the beloved Pastor of this church:

The Poetess of the day and her sister of Chicago.

The adopted citizens of Hadley: For none do we care more earnestly than our *poor.*

The Rev. Warren Poor, D. D., of Newark, N. J., responded in a brief, but happy and feeling manner, and in conclusion gave the annexed sentiment:—

The adopted sons of Hadley—They will ever rival the homeborn children in the depth of their affection and the strength of their adoption.

The Hadley law givers of the olden time: We recognise among us one of their profession and descent—a worthy representative of their abilities and virtues.

Hon. John Porter of Auburn, N. Y., replied:

My friends and fellow Townsmen, it affords me sincere pleasure to meet you here on this most interesting occasion. To commemorate the exploits of our ancestors, the first settlers of this town, to talk over and celebrate their eminent virtues, their noble daring, and their great sufferings in the cause of humanity—of religious and civil liberty, is a pleasing task to me, and I have no doubt to all as-

sembled here. I esteem it a privilege to be with you, and to testify how much I appreciate the good fortune of being able to say that here I was born; here I enjoyed the invaluable teachings in which the youth of this town are trained; and can to-day look back upon an unbroken line of ancestors who have contributed to the good name, and have participated in the prosperity of this town from its very beginning. And although I confess myself to have been among the number of those who have deserted the family domicil, and spent our lives in labors elsewhere, making room, it may be, for more worthy occupants, yet I have come back at short intervals to revisit the scenes of my youth, and always with deep emotions not easily to be described. My long residence in another State, now near fifty years, makes me a stranger to most of you; yet I meet you here to-day, as one claiming kindred with you, and as one of the sons of Hadley, entitled to participate in the delightful duty of celebrating this centennial return of a memorable day.

Your Committee have called on me to respond to a sentiment, which has allusion to our ancestors of the legal profession. To such of you, my friends, as are familiar with the history of Hadley, this will readily be understood to be a very limited theme, for with the exception of my esteemed and venerable friend, now present,—and he quit the profession so long ago, that I think he would find it troublesome to remember the time,—I have never known one, nor heard of one who practiced law here, except an uncle of mine; and he after a few years of trial, removed to New Haven more than fifty years since. No, Mr. President, lawyers will not live where there is no professional business; and the people of this town are not of that class that furnish business for lawyers. If they make contracts, they make them in good faith, and are careful to express what they mean. And when they have made them, they have no other thought or design than to fulfil them, in letter and in spirit. The evasions and subterfuges, that are too often resorted to, and which furnish so fruitful a source of business to the profession, are foreign to their thoughts and condemned by their moral feelings. And in all the two hundred years' history of this town, who ever heard of a litigation ensuing out of a disputed will. There may have been such, but I have never heard of them; nor do I believe there is any tradition of any such occurrence. How emphatic is such a fact, in establishing the high moral training that has always prevailed here. What high regard and deference to parental wishes it proves. You can ask for no better reasons than these why we have no account of lawyers, who have lived and flourished here. Do not understand me as in any manner depreciating the legal profession. Far from it. The science of law is a noble science, one I love; and in the pursuit of which I have spent many years of labor. Those of the profession who are thoroughly imbued with its principles, make useful and valuable citizens, and often become the ornaments of their time. But still that people that can, without any essential loss, dispense with their professional services, is surely deserving of some compliment—

and such, I believe, to have been the case generally with the people of this town. If there have been exceptions, they are so few, as not to detract from the high honor we would award them in this respect.

But, Mr. President, I will not intrude longer upon your time, and in conclusion will offer you this sentiment:—

May the expiration of another hundred years find here a people, equally ready to imitate and celebrate the self-sacrificing, patriotic and worthy examples of the fathers of this town, as are those of the present day.

The Chaplain of the day: Though past the usual sunset of life, his eye is not dimmed, neither is the light of his intellect faded.

Dr. Woodbridge briefly replied to the compliment, by expressing his gratitude to the people for their respectful kindness, and his best wishes for their temporal and eternal welfare. He spoke of his advanced age, his nearness to the grave, and his hopes to meet those whom he then addressed, purified from error and sin, before the throne of God and the Lamb, in heaven.

The following volunteer toast, by Mrs. Thomas F. Plunkett of Pittsfield, was then offered by the President:—

The memory of William Goodwin; the man whose well directed public spirit was the pebble which turned the current of Gov. Edward Hopkins' benevolence in this direction, so that, the world over, you cannot go amiss of the graduates of Hopkins Academy; nor find the corner where old Hadley is not known.

The following response was then read by F. Bonney, by request of the same lady:

"My further mind and will is, that within six months after the decease of my wife, five hundred pounds be made over to New England, according to the advice of my loving friends, Major Robert Thompson and Mr. Francis Willoughby, and conveyed into the hands of the trustees before mentioned, in further prosecution of the aforesaid public ends, which, in the simplicity of my heart, are for the upholding and promoting the kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ in those parts of the earth."—*Extract from the Will of Gov. Edward Hopkins: about the year* 1657.

Yes, Edward Hopkins: you shall have just praise,
On this most festive of all festal days.
For the wise forethought, and the generous deed
Which, for the "love of Jesus," sowed the seed
Of that fair tree of learning, the old school
That soon or late has had us in its rule;
Through the broad Union go where'er you will,
Hopkins Academy is known there still,
And, ten to one the "first man in the town"
Gained on its classic "stage," his first renown;
Or in its "classes," his first impulse caught
To wield the silent, mighty power of thought.
We welcome back its graduates to-day,
And proudly point you to the bright array,
Not least among them, he whose eloquence

Enchants us all, but dates from "nowhere else,"
Nor he, the bright eyed minstrel of the hour,
Whose numbers charm us by their magic power.
And to our dear "old teachers" here's a health,
Those patient miners of this mental wealth,
First on the list, as first in many a heart
He whose wise labors "gave the school a start"
Long may he live, of that to tell the tale
The white-haired patriarch of the peaceful vale.

The President then read the following volunteer toasts:—

To the memory of those who laid out the broad "front street" in Hadley:—Liberal minded men, who had no *small* ideas: worthy progenitors of the sons who have extended the generous hospitalities and hearty welcome of the present occasion to the home-returning children.

The three peculiar products of Old Hadley: Broom Corn, "School Marms" and Ministers' Wives.

The following sentiment was offered by Ex-Governor George N. Briggs:—

"Tell ye your children of it, and let your children tell their children, and their children another generation." Joel I. 3.

John B. Russell of Boston, a lineal descendant, of the sixth generation, from Rev. Mr. Russell of Hadley, sent to the chair the following sentiment:—

The Church of Hadley—may it prove as durable as the Rock of Plymouth, and may the name and noble acts of its venerated founder, like those of the Pilgrim Fathers, be held in lasting remembrance.

Dr. Smith of Newark, N. J. made a few appropriate remarks and offered the following:—

Old Hadley, her Sons and Daughters—She can truly say like the Roman matron, "these are my jewels."

A letter was received from the Hon. A. F. Vinton of Ohio, in response to an invitation to be present upon the occasion, of which the following is an extract:—

Washington City, May 28, 1859.

Hon. Erastus Hopkins, Dear Sir:—It was my good fortune to be born and to have lived from my birth to manhood, within the ancient limits of the town of Hadley; and although I have been a dweller in other lands for more than forty years, still the recollections and fond attachments of those old-fashioned and by-gone days, which, in my memory ever cluster around the place

of my nativity, have lost, by time and distance, none of their freshness, sincerity and warmth. I regret exceedingly that it is not in my power to attend. My heart and good wishes will be with you. It will be an occasion of rare interest, and taking the present time as a stand-point, and looking back for two hundred years, and forward to what, in the benevolence of a wise and good Providence, we may hope for the future, the orator of the day could not desire a wider, richer or better theme.

I am, with great respect, very truly yours,

A. F. Vinton.

It was now seven o'clock in the evening and therefore necessary that the exercises should close. Other sentiments had been prepared, and other voices would no doubt have given utterance to the thoughts and emotions which seemed to well up spontaneously from full and overflowing hearts; but the time for parting had come, and the great company quietly dispersed, each to seek his own home, and the sphere of his accustomed effort; but all apparently well satisfied to have spent one day in commemorating the virtues of their ancestors and reviving the friendships of earlier years. It is to be hoped that those who shall occupy their places a century hence may deem it proper, and find it equally satisfactory, to pay a like tribute to the memory of those who have gone before.

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